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## WINTER WITH THE POETS.



### WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er;  
Flowrets bloom no more,  
Wint'ry winds are sweeping  
Through the snow-drifts peeping.  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng  
Charms the wood with song;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
Merry snow-birds twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

C. T. BROOKS, *from the German.*

VOL. V.—7

### DIRGE OF THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead.  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep;  
See it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
In its coffin, in the clay,  
So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the dead cold year to-day;  
Solemn hours! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

SHELLEY.



## WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the white thorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sun-beams chastely play  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark  
Its tender shoots the hoar frost nips,  
Whilst on the frozen fountain, hark!  
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where twisted round the barren oak,  
The Summer vine in beauty clung,  
And Summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd,  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and Wint'ry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

## WINTER NIGHTS.

Now from off the ashy stone  
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,  
And all merry birds are flown,  
And our dream of plenty dieth.  
Now the once blue laughing sky  
Saddens into gray,  
And the frozen rivers sigh,  
Pining all away.

Now how solemn are the times,  
The Winter times! the night times!

BARRY CORNWALL.



WINTER MORNING.

'Tis morning; and the sun with ruddy orb  
 Ascending fires the horizon; while the clouds,  
 That crown away before the driving wind,  
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
 Resembles most some city in a blaze,  
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray  
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale;  
 And tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
 From every herb and every spiry blade,  
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. . .

The verdure of the field lies buried deep  
 Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents  
 And coarser grass, uppearing o'er the rest,  
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
 And, sledged in icy feathers, nod superb.  
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
 Their wonted fodder.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned  
The cheerful haunts of men, to wield the ax—  
And drive the edge in yonder forest drear—  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half  
cur,

His dog attends him; close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk  
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout,  
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks  
for joy.

Now from the roost, or from the neighboring  
pale,

Where diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,  
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known  
call

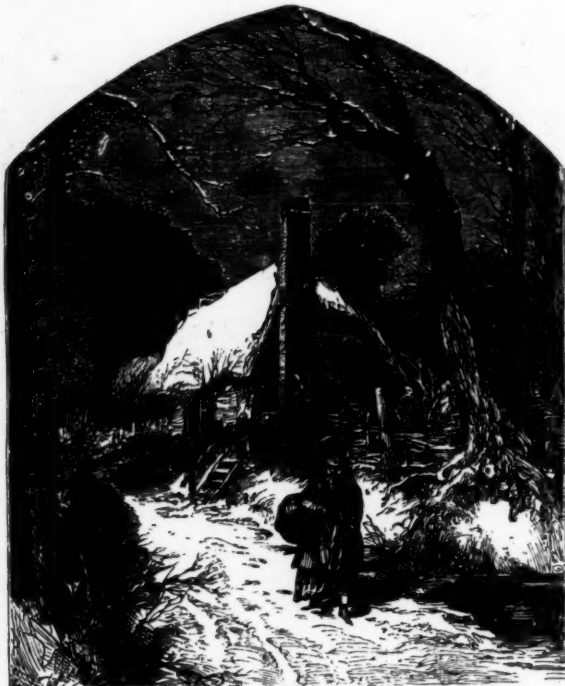
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,

Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
The sparrows peep and quit the shelf-ring eaves  
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved  
To escape the impending famine; often scared,  
As oft return, a pert, voracious kind.  
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
Remains to each—the search of sunny nook,  
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned  
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
His wonted strut, and wading at their head  
With well considered steps, seems to resent  
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
How find the myriads that in Summer cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,  
Dear sustenance, or where subsist they now?

The long, protracted rigor of the year  
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks  
and holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.

COWPER.



WINTER WALK AT NOON.

The night was Winter in his roughest mood,  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
Upon the southern side of the plant hills,

And where the woods fence off the northern blast  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue



Without a cloud, and white without a speck,  
 The dazzling splendor of the scene below.  
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;  
 And through the trees I view the embattled  
 tower,  
 Whence all the music. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant under oaks and elms,

Whose outspread branches overarch the glade,  
 Stillness accompanied with sound so soft  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here  
 the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER.



A WINTER DAY.

A MORNING clear with frosty light,  
 From sunbeams late and low,  
 They shine upon the snow so white;  
 And shine back from the snow.  
 Down tasks of ice one drop will go,  
 Not fall; at sunny noon  
 'T will hang a diamond, fade and grow  
 An opal for the moon.

And when the bright red sun is low,  
 Behind the mountain dome,  
 A twilight wind will come and blow  
 All round the children's home;  
 And puff and waft the powdery snow  
 As feet unseen do pass;  
 But waiting in its bed below  
 Green lies the Summer grass.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates  
sit

Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.  
Come see the north wind's masonry;  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake or tree or door;

Speeding the myriad-handed, his high work  
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall.  
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the  
world

Is all his own, returning as he were not,  
Leaves when the sun appears, astonished Art,  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

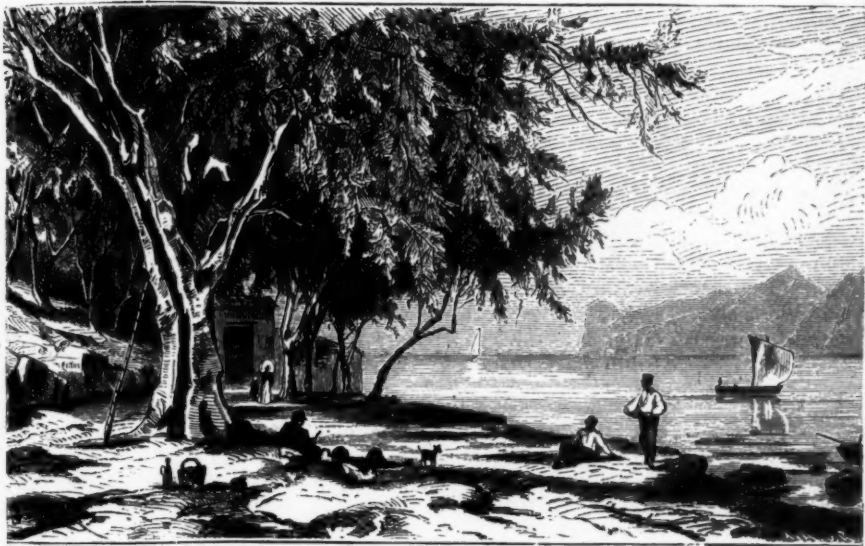
EMERSON.

MOURNFULLY, oh' mournfully,  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by.  
It speaks of tales of other years,  
Of hopes that bloom to die—  
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
Of loves that moldering lie.

Mournfully, oh' mournfully,  
This midnight wind doth moan,  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull, heavy tone.  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thereupon—  
All, all my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## SAUNTERINGS IN THE TYROL.



OLIVE GROVE AT TORBOLE.

THIS charmed and charming little land was once almost hermetically sealed to the ordinary tourist. Too many years ago, alas! when on a student's tramp, with knapsack and staff, to some of the rarest regions of Central Europe, we reached it by the Lake of Como and the famous Stelvio Pass, the highest one of the mountain barriers that separate Germany and Switzerland on the north from the sunny land of Italy on the south.

Then it was considered quite a feat to enter the Tyrol and cross it to the Danube, or pass through it to German lands. And the inaccessible character of the region had made it the stronghold of conservatism in politics, social customs, and religion. This was a royal time for the ancient land, when all ideas of novelty or heresy were consigned to its frontiers, or, if they entered, only did so clandestinely through narrow passes as carefully guarded from innovation as had their hero, Andrew Hofer, protected them from the invading French in the memorable campaign waged by the forces of Napoleon in

1809. He who then entered the Tyrol said, for a time, farewell to the world.

But this golden age has passed since the Tyrol has been invaded by the locomotive. For many centuries the well-known Brenner Pass, the lowest one between Germany on the north and Italy on the south, was the common bond of intercourse between the Teutons and the Latins, and when the science of railroad engineering had succeeded in conquering heights as well as levels, it exercised its first strength on this great thoroughfare, so that now, for several years, there has been a line of road across it, piercing tunnels and climbing heights in the most skillful and daring manner, until now, all the ordinary traveler knows of the difficulty of entering the Tyrol is what he sees of the stupendous work that has built the road, and feels in the giant struggles of the massive engines that drag him up to the regions of the clouds, and then let him down in the fairest of mountain lands.

But the iron horse has brought with it all the innovations of the day, so that the Tyr-

olese also are now familiar with such terms as constitutional rights, separation of Church from State, secular schools, etc. When the work of boring the tunnels was first commenced the railroads were declared by the priests to be the work of the devil, and many were the curses heaped upon them by friar and prelate. But still they came, and the very Bishop of the Tyrol has his home at the junction of two roads, the one of which takes him down into the valley where the vine and the chestnut of the south peep into the window of his car, and the other into the colder and icier regions of Northern Tyrol, thus connecting two antagonistic lands—Germany and Italy.

This time we resolved to reach the Tyrol in a quieter way, and thus entered by the



CASCADES OF FONALE.

gateway of Lago di Garda, the largest of the Italian lakes. Leaving Venice in the early morning by rail, a few hours' ride through the fairest portion of Lombardy brought us to Peschiera at the lower end of the lake, where we embarked on a little steamer for Riva, at the other extremity—the region which is known as the Paradise of Southern Tyrol, and is famous for its

alluvial soil of incredible fertility, its genial climate, and romantic position on the lake. The sail for some forty miles is one of rare beauty, as the lake lies in a deep frame of precipitous summits, at the base of which is a narrow belt of fertile soil adapted to the culture of tropical fruits, such as the orange and the lemon. The latter seems here to receive special attention, as several villages find little occupation but the culture of the lemon, and one is so entirely devoted to it as to bear as its cognomen the sole name of "Lemon." Passing its fragrant groves, we soon reach Riva, a favorite retreat for invalids and tourists. To those who approach by way of the lake it presents quite a stately appearance by cause of its surroundings. The steamer glides by a steep wall of porphyry that towers over the town in perpendicular line to a great height. On a promontory about one-third of the way to the summit there frowns an ancient tower and bastion built by the Romans.

Along the lake shore, at quite an elevation, is hewn and tunneled the only land-route between Riva and the kingdom of Italy. It winds up the declivity like a white serpent on the flank of the red mountain and ends at a quay that just finds room between lake and precipice. Gradually the steep wall of the mountain recedes sufficiently to make room for a row of houses, then for a square, and lastly for a sort of triangle, in which nestles the town between the steep, rocky barrier and the lake.

This protected position gives to Riva an exceptionally warm and equable temperature, and makes it a favorite retreat for the entire year, except the warmest Summer months, when it is pleasanter to retire to the sea coast for the air and baths. Its squares and shores, therefore, afford a varied scene, bearing a strong resemblance to a Lombard or Venetian city. Innumerable boats for sailing on the lake are moored to the shore, while the banks are enlivened by red-capped boatmen, porters, and custom-house officers, strangely commingled with dainty ladies and gentle-



men on the promenade, or sitting at tables enjoying their coffee or cream in Italian style. When the evening shadows are cast upon the lake by the height behind the town, the long, rocky range that skirts the opposite side of the water lies in the bright sunlight; while the steamers from the lower end of the lake come gliding in, adorned with the Italian tricolor and the Austrian black and yellow.

The throng of tourists that arrive in the steamers are soon scattered to their respective hotels, and plans are made for the excursions of the morrow. Of these the most interesting is a sail on the lake to the Cascades of Ponale and the cypress and olive groves of Torbole, views of which we give in the accompanying cuts. The beauties of the waters of the Garda have been sung by Virgil and Dante, the former alluding to the deceitful and stormy character of its waters, and the latter to the great wealth of the tributary streams which pour into it from the mountain sides. Our first excursion was by boat to the Cascades of Ponale; and as we entered the bark we soon saw that we were not bound for the Lagues of Venice in the character of the craft, which was heavily built and doubly manned, though the day was exceptionally fine. The waters of this cascade flow first from the Ledro, and begin their descent to the lake with one long dash, till they reach a break in the wall, whence they descend in three cascades to the bed of the lake, in whose bosom they are lost. The best view is from the bridge near the base, for which we landed and clambered to a spot whence we looked into the caldron filled with raging waters, whose fury the classic author of old had compared to those of the regions of Pluto.

This charming waterfall, surrounded by such wild and rugged frame-work, is the exact counterpart to the bright, sunny, flowery picture of the remaining shores of the Lake of Garda, which makes so pleasant an im-



CYPRESSES AT TORBOLE.

pression from the Ponale. Here in the mild climate of gentle, tepid breezes comes the invalid from the northern land of snow and rain to find the first olives, cypresses, lemons, and figs, and for this reason he hies to the Olive Groves of Torbole on the opposite side of the lake. And these are here for the same reason that he is here, namely, because of the mildness of the climate; for all these Asiatic fruits have been gradually introduced by the Italians from Oriental lands according as they found spots favorable for their culture.

Even the cypresses of Torbole, raising their slender obelisk forms to the skies of Lower Tyrol, have their home in Asia, and here seem to be mourning for their native soil, as they seldom or never grow here in groves, but rather stand in isolated groups, and never pass the Alps. The fierce winds that so often trouble the surface of Garda's waters, and make them like those of the angry ocean, spend their force in traversing the watery channel rather than striking the banks, or else the favorite cypress could scarcely find a quiet home here.

This Paradise of Southern Tyrol is strictly Italian in garb and feeling, though ruled over by the Austrian. A thick carpet of verdure covers the land, and the vine hangs in festoons from tree to tree in Italian style. Between these the Southern sun ripens the yellow corn, wheat, and tobacco; while in other parts one perceives whole forests of the mulberry, the cherry, and the peach. On the hill-sides rise the harder trees, so that on the border line between north and south we find the olive and the walnut in friendly proximity.

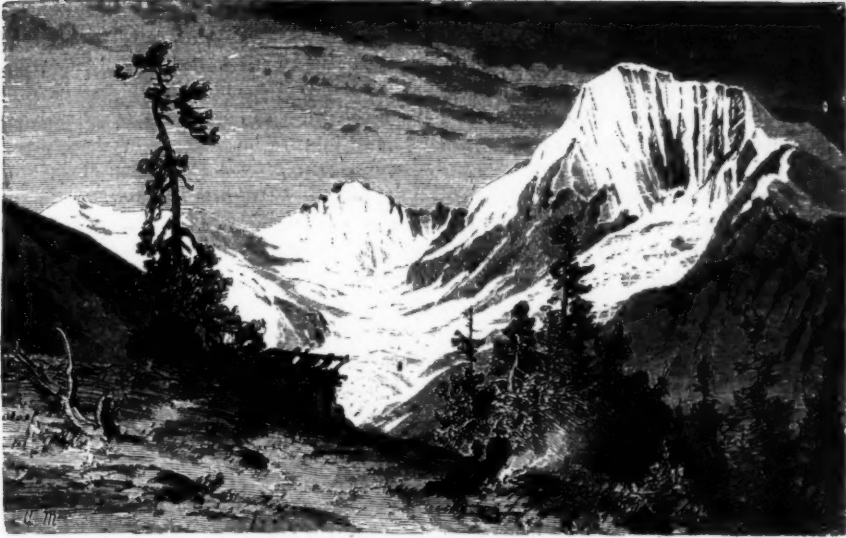
But we must leave the vales and hie away to the hills of Tyrol, which have also their charms. As we pass up the valley of the Sarca, on our way to the rare old town of Trent, we are surprised to find how far the Italian element has extended north. With the exception of a few Austrian officers and soldiers, the German element has almost entirely disappeared, and this land, though under Austrian rule, shows in its hills and vales, its architecture and its speech, its blood relationship with its Italian neighbors. We were not surprised as we looked at these black eyes and swarthy complexions, and heard the rich Italian intonations in place of the German gutturals, that these people long to be with their blood kinsmen, and we pardoned the intensity with which they were then urging that Austria should let them go and cast their fate with Italy. Garibaldi had in vain tried to make them free; and now they were joining in the general demand of Italy after the Berlin Congress that she should receive into her fold all Italian-speaking communities in return for the advantages granted to Austria in extending her rule into Bosnia. But the allied powers make their decisions not according to the hearts of the people, but in the interest of that tyrannical "balance of power."

For Trent we chose the private conveyance along the valley of the boisterous Sarca, rather than the shortest avenue to the rail that would take us across the Brenner Pass. And as we made the slow ascent, the luxurious verdure disappeared behind us as the snow-capped mountains and massive glaciers appeared in the distant horizon. But the

Italian element lingered long and obstinately before giving way to its German rival, and every-where, in church and school, in villa and cabin, we could see or hear the conflict between the races.

In Trent itself the Italian element seemed again to rise spasmodically to the surface, and appear in the hotels, the stores, and the churches. That famous old town in Church history has by no means forgotten the great council held there now more than three hundred years ago. Indeed, it has lived on the reputation of it ever since, as it does now. Like many others we stopped there for a season because of its fame in the ecclesiastical line, and as a proof that many more distinguished visitors than ourselves had done the same thing, we saw on the walls of the dining-room of our hotel the armorial bearings of such noted men as Charles X of France, and Eugene, Viceroy of Italy. The old cathedral has a story of nearly a thousand years, and bears all the marks of antiquity in ancient Catholic faith and bigotry in the modern. It had just been decorated for a Church festival on the following day, to which we were awakened a little after sunrise by the noise of processions and military music. These proved to be the peasants from the neighboring villages, coming in bodies headed by chanting priests and banner bearers. But before we could breakfast and reach the cathedral the religious performances were all over, and the peasants were scattered among the numerous booths for the sale of all sorts of knickknacks that could gladden the peasant heart. Thus the religious feature was soon absorbed by the louder calls of trade and pleasure.

The church in which met the celebrated council at periods for eighteen years is of no artistic or architectural importance, and would scarcely be visited by the tourist were it not for its history. The most interesting object in it is a picture of the members of the council, with cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops innumerable, so that one tires in the endeavor to single them out by the aid of a plan. The three hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the council has been commemorated by a column



THE KING'S PEAK—FROM SULDEN VALLEY.

dedicated to the Virgin and erected beside the choir.

By far our greatest pleasure in Trent was the view of the grand mountain scenery around it, and the sublime peaks in the distance with their promise of wonders to come. These we reached by the road over the Brenner, which took us up in Trent and put us down in Innsbruck, a shamefully prosy way of telling the story of that glorious ride over the most famous of Alpine routes, and by one of the grandest pieces of modern railroad engineering. The road passes through tunnel after tunnel, twenty-one in number, and the ascent on either side is over twenty miles. Ever and anon, as the train issues from one tunnel to make its way to another over an interval of level or of viaduct, the new and unexpected views that are offered are sometimes grand, again beautiful, and then again terrible in their barren and forbidding appearance. But the road is constructed so solidly and skillfully that one nowhere feels a sense of danger and insecurity, and without the experience it is almost impossible to conceive so safe and pleasant a journey across the Alps in the trail of the iron horse.

The only regret that one feels in this

romantic ride is its fleeting and tantalizing character. Before you have half seen something grand or beautiful you are whisked away to something else, or dashed into the bowels of a long dark tunnel, leaving behind romantic and famous valleys to the right or left, or getting a mere glimpse of some celebrated peak or glacier. He who would see the Tyrol must have a less impetuous steed than the one fed on steam. And, indeed, the inroads of this great innovation are fast transforming even this conservative country. We had treasured in our memory the quaintest souvenirs of the ancient capital on the banks of the Inn, and wandered for a day through all its lanes and thoroughfares, studying its local history and peculiar mediæval architecture, and we expected to recognize many of these attractions again. But on emerging from the depot every thing bore the appearance of a new and modern town, gathered around the station in the form of stately blocks and edifices. "Where is Innsbruck?" we asked our host, for we mistrusted some error. "This is Innsbruck," said he; but it was not the old Innsbruck of former days. That still lies on the river nearly a mile away, with its odd old bridges and quaint houses

all covered with queer pictures and mediæval history in verse and form. The rail has built up a new and beautiful city, that sits like a tall and stately daughter beside a little quaint old mother who still clings to the thoughts and ways and costumes of the olden time.

But from this heart of the Austrian or German Tyrol we may branch out in excursions to all parts of the land, and learn that it is as rich in the rare, sublime, and beautiful as is Switzerland itself, and has only been neglected because not so accessible. It is traversed by several Alpine chains that separate it from other lands and divide its own territory into isolated valleys, each

some other means than the culture of the soil, and, therefore, they have introduced a great many little industries that the family can follow at home, while the father sallies forth with pack on his back to sell his wares in distant regions. Tens of thousands of Tyrolese thus leave their homes for a Summer tour, and return in the Winter to the family workshop in which parents and children alike find occupation.

This almost universal custom makes the men extremely intelligent, and induces them to demand an education for their children; and so the country abounds in schools and churches. We saw no prettier sight in a long line of Alpine travel than the children

of the schools in a Tyrolese village all marching two and two to the church in the early morning to have the religious service performed at the altar, and to have hundreds of them join in the hymns as one great choir. This gratifying spectacle made us forgive the Catholicism of the country much of its bigotry and intolerance, for the children of these



LAKE OF BIPURG.

one of which has its peculiar attractions of hill or vale, its own peasant's costume, and even its own dialect, so that the first question from one Tyrolese to the other is as to the valley whence he comes.

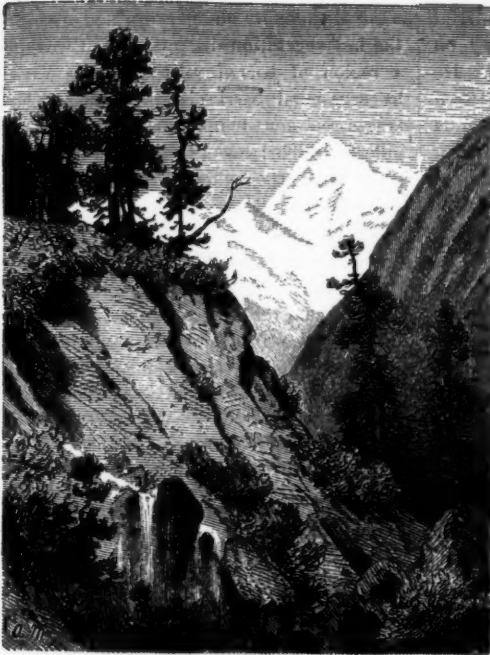
Its mountains are among the highest in Europe, the Orker and the Gross-Glockner, towering to an altitude of over twelve thousand feet. Everlasting snows cover many of these peaks, and the glaciers are so numerous and extensive that they are counted by the square mile. It is computed that one-third of the surface is covered by eternal snows, icy glaciers, and barren rocks. Another third bears great forests, and only one-third is given to the peasants for the kine or the plow. The result is, that a great many of the Tyrolese must earn their living by

mountain regions are well cared for and conscientiously trained.

Like all mountaineers the Tyrolese are fond of their home, and when they go abroad they take with them their patriotism, their picturesque garb, and their peculiar national songs, which may be known everywhere by the peculiar refrain known as the "yodel." We need hardly say that they are great mountain climbers and great hunters. As the Indian with us shows his scalps as trophies of war, so does the Tyrolese hunter display on his national hat a sort of plume made from beards of the chamois or the feathers of the rare mountain birds that his unerring ball has brought to his feet.

The poetry of the Tyrolese lies in their hats. Of a dozen of them no two will be





SIMILAUN PEAK.

alike. They are generally made of dark green felt with a broad slouchy brim, and this latter is made to bear a world of ornament, depending on the taste and whim or opportunity of the possessor. The first trimming is a loose colored band hanging down behind, and bearing a couple of silver-gilt tassels. In front, will be a pompous bunch of cocks' feathers, unless he has killed nobler game of the lofty forests. Then come the Alpine flowers crowned by the Edelweiss from the barren heights. From hat to shoe is from poetry to prose—for the latter is clumsy, and made heavy as lead by a multiplicity of nails that fairly hide the sole and seem to form a sort of iron

platform on which the shoe itself rests.

Thus equipped, the Tyrolese guides accompany the strong and venturesome tourists to the everlasting peaks and broad glaciers, of which there are so many that a whole season would not exhaust them. Of these the King's Peak, which we give in the cut, is one of the loftiest and most dangerous. It is unwise to attempt the ascent of it without two guides, and it takes well-nigh a day to reach the summit from the valley; it is, therefore, wise to ascend the afternoon previous to the herdsman's refuge near the snow line, and thence start early in the morning, so as to be able to return to the refuge or the valley that night. The descent is often made by the "King's Yoke," a sort of mountain pass, and thus by the great Suldén glacier; but this route requires a steady foot and well-balanced head, for this crossing of glaciers, as we know by experience, has in it more prose

than poetry, when one is for hours exposed to travel in which one false or unguarded step might hurl him into a bottomless crevasse.

He who enters these retired haunts of the Tyrol must make up his mind to leave civilization behind him, and take his last look at the newspapers for some time. He must



A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

either take a very light pack or a guide who can carry a heavy one; and it is wonderful what weights the Tyrolese will carry on their backs for days for a mere song. He must bid adieu to hotels with modern conveniences, to fashionable waiters and bills of fare, for the latter is not very extensive, and is borne on the lips of a fleet and attentive Tyrolese waiting maid, who is generally the daughter of the innkeeper. In this way alone can the tourist reach the secluded valley in which is hidden the Lake of Bipurg, which our accompanying illustration will prove to be more romantic than its name.

There is not much, indeed, to be said in favor of the Tyrolese names for their natural wonders. The Swiss are generally poetical with theirs—the Tyrolese, on the



THE CURATE'S TELESCOPE.

contrary, prosy to repulsiveness. Think of such names as Dead Hole, Dead Woman, Dead Man, Sling Brook, Sulphur Hole, Stinking Ditch, Horse's Back, Sheep's Head, and so on! That German philosopher who wrote the "*Æsthetics of the Ugly*," might here find a prolific subject for his pen.

A favorite route for tourists from Innsbruck is the one that leads through the valley of the Oetz, a broad avenue between a mountain range from which branch off a great many small side valleys. The chasm between Suldén and Zwieselstein is the acme of beauty in the valley, but the rage in the

Tyrol is for the summits that tower around us, and therefore one goes up and up until the last vegetation disappears, and we enter a region of barren solitude, only varied by occasional barricades of stone. These long ascents are tempered by the Highland village, which is usually the last refuge before entering the region of eternal snow. The one which we give in illustration is that of Vent, an isolated group of six houses, a few barns, the little church, and in the background the dwelling of the curate. In all such retreats the curate's house is the only inn, and the traveler often finds there a warm and intelligent welcome. The priests in these solitudes are frequently men of culture, and entertain their guests with useful information regarding the region, and romantic stories of the many groups and troops that have sought shelter in his solitary home; for it is so for many months in the year, and is only enlivened during the short Summer adapted to mountain ascent. During this season it is not unfrequently crowded to repletion with a motley group of fanatical Alpine climbers, who seem to imagine that the highest victory of manhood is to soar to dangerous and inaccessible cliffs.

The curate's house is a favorite trysting-place for those who would make the ascent to the distant peak of the Similaun, and sometimes a dozen professional Alpine climbers are assembled here at a time, one group to leave at the first rays of dawning day for the perilous task, and another to watch them through the curate's telescope, and hasten to them with succor in case of accident. The wise ones are those who are listening to the curate's stories and explanations with the glass resting on his shoulder. A great many of these enterprises are perilous and difficult in the extreme, and require a spirit of daring and hardihood that at times overleaps itself and ends in some fatal accident, in which guides and guided alike are lost.

And while among these regions of ice and snow, it were well to remember that many of the Tyrolese battle with them all their lives, and not as the tourist, during the only season when their vicinity can be called acceptable. And still, he who would know

the Highlands in all their glory must seek them in the Winter, when they present a very different aspect from that of Summer. The Spring may be full of song and fragrance, the Summer full of pleasure and life, and the Autumn splendid in its wealth of color. But the full sublimity and grandeur and the unapproachable majesty of the mountains appear most effectively when they are clothed in the pure and glittering light of Winter. The eye then must do all the wandering, for it is sheerly impossible to penetrate the deep chasms or the rocky fastnesses of the highlands. The snow sometimes buries the houses almost to their roofs, and precipice and forest are covered with one impenetrable mass of snow.

For weeks the peasant's cottage and the woodman's cabin are cut off from all human intercourse. Many of the houses are built on such bold heights that they must be abandoned in Winter. On some of the higher plateaus are princely mansions built for the hunting season or the Summer retreat of royalty. These are guarded during most of the year by the forester and his family. But when in November the first snow falls as a warning, the house with its galleries is inclosed in a wooden covering as in a packing box. The forester, with his faithful dog, leaves his cabin, and descends into the valley. He is relieved by a safer watchman than he or his dog. Winter covers the royal habitation and lodge and stables with a fire and thief proof mass of impenetrable snow. And even lower down the mountain many a place that in Summer is crowded with guests is in Winter inaccessible in spite of its safe and well-built roads. Only in the morning, before the Winter sun has softened the icy crust of the snow, can one move about on snow-shoes without danger of sinking into the snow or being buried by the avalanche.

And when these latter come, as they sometimes do, in midwinter, under the influence of an unusual sun, those who are over-



IN THE SNOW.

whelmed by them are seldom found before the warmth of Spring assists their friends to unlock their icy graves. During the Summer past, while scaling one of these mountain roads, the guide called our attention to a cross by the wayside, which showed where three men had lain in the snow for ever so many months, overwhelmed by the avalanche which had been so frightfully sudden that one of the dead men still held in his hand a piece of bread which he was in the act of biting. He had been covered up as a statue, and just so he was found by his family in the Spring, preserved almost as he had appeared in life, though the spirit had so long since fled.

In Winters of unusual severity the mountain game suffers greatly, and at last finds no nourishment in these frozen heights. The forest-keepers of elevated preserves feed their game, and thus keep them alive during the Winter to adorn the wild passes in the Summer; or else many a tender roe and proud mountain stag would be lost. But the native game of these lofty heights in severe cold are sometimes forced to conquer their natural timidity and approach the dwelling of men. The inhabitants of the highland villages are then wise enough to protect and feed their Winter guests instead of destroy-



TRANSPORTING LOGS IN WINTER.



ing them, that they may return and people the mountains for coming years.

In one of these villages a magnificent old stag became a regular Winter guest for a series of cold years. As soon as the deep snow lay in the forest he appeared at every dawn in the village to have his breakfast before the villagers were moving. They gave him a pet name by which he was known to young and old, and he was spared not only by regular hunters but even by the poachers of the vicinity. But one day one of these marauders laid him low while near the haunts of men, to the general grief of the neighborhood and the great sorrow of the children, who thought no sport so rare as to see the old deer getting his morning meal in the neighborhood of their cottage.

Among the characters of this region are the mountain woodmen. In these rich forests are many mighty trees of which a portion fall by right to the peasants, the remainder being claimed by the Government according to their forest laws, which control and protect these treasures. But the peasant must fell and transport his own timber, and this latter work is generally effected by using the mountain torrents in the Spring. But the heavy logs that are too far from a water-course must lie till Winter, when the steep mountains are covered with snow, and

a path can be thus easily made down their sides. The lower end of the great log is placed on a solid sled, manned with two stout oxen and quite as rugged a specimen of manhood to guide and control them, and thus the steaming, snorting beasts drag or retard the heavy burden at the bidding of their lord to the spot where he can realize the worth. We need hardly say that these mountain woodmen are a hardy race that grow like the trees of their native forests.

And now, we submit that the hills and vales of Tyrol present such contrasts as are rarely met with in the same extent of soil. We began with the oranges and lemons, the olive groves and cypresses of the shores of Lago di Garda. We commenced a gentle ascent on the southern declivity of the Tyrolese Alps, passing through the Paradise of Southern Tyrol, embowered by the mulberry for the silk culture and the grape for the wine-press; and gradually reaching the summit of the range, we stood suddenly in the presence of a land filled with fertile and romantic valleys, overshadowed with summits capped with eternal snows, and plowed by ever-moving glaciers. And if we have not convinced the reader that the green vales and snowy peaks of the Tyrol deserve to be better known, we have lamentably failed in our purpose.



BREAKFASTING IN THE VILLAGE.

## A WORD FOR AMEER SHERE ALI.

[The following is found in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December, 1878, over the signature of T. Douglas Forsyth—a name that will command respect for any thing that may be said over it respecting British Indian affairs. It will show very clearly that the war forced on the Afghans by the British Government is wholly without even a decent pretext for its enormity. For a proper understanding of many of its references and allusions, some acquaintance with the relations of the British Indian Government will be necessary, towards which our article on Afghanistan, in the January number, will be found useful.—Ed.]

LET us go back to the time when Shere Ali succeeded his father in 1863. At the time of Dost Mahomed's death, the relations between the British Government and the ruler of Cabul were decidedly of a friendly character. It is well known how, in the last Sikh war, Dost Mahomed sent a force down from the mountains to co-operate with Rajas Chutther, Singh, and Shere Singh, and how the Afghan troops took flight after the battle of Goojrat, and were pursued by the gallant Sir Walter Gilbert till they found refuge amongst their own hills. All communication was for a time entirely cut off between India and Cabul, till, in 1856, chiefly owing to the far-seeing diplomacy of Sir Herbert Edwardes, a meeting was brought about between Sir John Lawrence and Dost Mahomed, and a friendship was struck up between the two governments on the distinct understanding that Dost Mahomed was to be left in his kingdom undisturbed by the presence of residents or envoys, or any such dry nurses. Great as the temptation was in 1857 to take advantage of the troubles caused by the mutiny of the Sepoy army in India, Dost Mahomed remained true to his pledges, and in no way attempted to wrest from our grasp the district of Peshawer, which he looked on as belonging to Cabul by right. These friendly relations continued up to the time of Dost Mahomed's death, just after he had successfully besieged and taken the city of Herat.

Out of the numerous sons and grandsons who surrounded his death-bed, Dost Mahomed selected Shere Ali as his successor; and one of the first acts of the new Ameer was to dispatch a letter to the Viceroy of India, announcing his succession, and asking for the favor of the British Government. This letter reached Simla when Lord Elgin

was Governor-general. It was accompanied by an able letter from Sir Herbert Edwardes, urging the viceroy to take advantage of the opportunity to cement a friendship with the new Ameer. Sir Herbert Edwardes recommended that a congratulatory mission should be sent with suitable presents to welcome Shere Ali as his father's successor, and to renew in his person all the friendly relations which had existed in the time of Dost Mahomed. As Sir Herbert very properly pointed out, the judicious expenditure of a few thousand pounds then would secure the friendly alliance of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and would probably save the expenditure hereafter of millions.

Such was the advice of a statesman who knew Afghan politics, and how to deal with them. But not only was his advice rejected, but Shere Ali's letter was left unnoticed for upwards of six months. Meanwhile events marched fast in Afghanistan, and in India the Vice-royalty had passed from Lord Elgin's into Lord Lawrence's hands. The fiery and ambitious sons and grandsons of Dost Mahomed, finding that the recognition of Shere Ali by the British Government was withheld, began to ask why he should be preferred to any other of the family. A fratricidal war was speedily begun, and ere-long there were two kings in Brentford, and Ameer Shere Ali, holding one part of the kingdom, and Ameer Azim Khan, who had possessed himself of another portion of the country, simultaneously addressed Lord Lawrence, asking him for recognition as ruler from the British Government.

Then Lord Lawrence thought it high time to acknowledge the first letter which had been lying so long in the Calcutta Foreign Office unnoticed. But instead of ratifying the decision of Dost Mahomed, and lending

to Shere Ali all the weight of his moral support by a hearty recognition, even if he were not inclined to go further and offer material aid, Lord Lawrence chose the somewhat singular course of recognizing *both* Ameers, and recommending them to settle their quarrels among themselves.

There are many who consider this a grand stroke of masterly inactivity; and if he looked at Afghanistan as a country wholly beyond our sphere of action, with which we were never to concern ourselves, perhaps this course of Lord Lawrence's might be approved. But from Shere Ali's stand-point it is impossible to conceive any thing more galling and unfriendly than our conduct up to this point. A polite letter announcing his accession had been left unanswered; the friendly nod of recognition which would have kept all his rivals from disputing his authority was withheld; and when, in his extremity, he again appealed to the British Government, he was told that one rival had already been recognized, and for ought he knew every rebellious brother or nephew who managed to get possession of a bit of country, and call himself Ameer, might, on appealing to the British Government, have equal recognition from Lord Lawrence.

Shere Ali may surely be excused if he entertained no very grateful or friendly feelings toward the British Government at that time. There was much justice in his remarks when he subsequently met Lord Mayo at Umballa, and was congratulated on having got the mastery over all his enemies, that in all this he had nothing to thank the British Government for.

At that celebrated conference it was distinctly understood both by Shere Ali and Lord Mayo that neither did the Ameer wish, nor the Viceroy ask, for a resident to be located at Cabul, either then or at any future time, or for any interference in the internal affairs of Afghanistan by the British Government. There was much debate in the Ameer's private council on the subject, and the utmost extent to which he was prepared to go was to allow agents from the British Government to visit or be stationed at Herat, Balkh, and places beyond the Hindoo

Koosh, and outside the Province of Cabul proper.

Immediately following the Umballa Durbar came the negotiations at St. Petersburg regarding the frontier possessions of Shere Ali towards the Oxus. An admirable opportunity then presented itself to our Indian rulers for securing Shere Ali in his possessions, and binding him to us by feelings of gratitude, if gratitude can bind Afghans any more than other people.

Not only was the opportunity lost, but matters were so clumsily mismanaged that it was from the Russians that Shere Ali first heard of our having exerted our influence on his behalf. Naturally enough he was not disinclined to look at the matter through the spectacles of the party who first brought it before him.

The next cause of grievance—of any magnitude at least—was the settlement of the Seistan boundary question. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of that question now. Possibly the decision may have been perfectly equitable, even in its minuter details. But it was none the less galling to Shere Ali.

For years this Seistan country had been debatable land between Afghanistan and Persia, and each side persistently claimed authority, as in all other boundary disputes. A commission was appointed from England to inquire and to settle the boundary line between the two countries. It was composed of well-known officers, who did their work with the conscientious impartiality of responsible Englishmen. But certain incidents in the proceedings gave mortal offense to Ameer Shere Ali. In the first place, when he heard that this English commission was coming from Persia to Seistan he naturally requested to be allowed have his say. After much difficulty and hesitation it was arranged that Syad Noor Mahomed, the able prime minister who accompanied the Ameer to Umballa, and subsequently met Sir Lewis Pelly in conference at Peslawer, where he died last year, should proceed with Sir R. Pollock to Sir F. Goldsmith's camp. Shere Ali's version of the affair, corroborated by others who were present, is that General Sir

R. Pollock was not allowed to open his mouth, and Noor Mahomed found his remonstrances unheeded, and had to see villages inhabited by Afghans forcibly made over to Persian officers. Just at this time the Shah of Persia was being *fêted* in England, and orders were sent out—so it was said—to hasten the conclusion of the Seistan boundary question, so as to please his majesty. From that moment Shere Ali's wrath against England knew no bounds. "Call that arbitration!" said Syad Noor Mahomed, one day when talking on the subject at Simla, in 1873; "why, there was no attempt to hear what my master had to say."

I know that I shall be told that the decision was perfectly equitable, and could not be avoided. But that does not tend to allay Shere Ali's ire, for which, from the way his representations were received and his agents were treated, he appears to have had very good ground. There might be good reason for not allowing Sir R. Pollock to appear in Sir F. Goldsmith's camp as the open advocate of Ameer Shere Ali, but that potentate may be excused for feeling dissatisfied that Sir R. Pollock, after traveling through Afghanistan in the avowed character of an arbitrator, going to meet his associates in conference, should subside into the position of a dummy.

Rightly or wrongly, this Seistan business gave Shere Ali irremediable offense, and has, I fear, alienated him forever. An attempt was made to soothe him by the gift of arms and an offer of money. He took the arms in a sulky way, but refused the money. Just at this time too, in 1873, another incident increased his distrust of our government. The Russians had from time to time made sidling advances towards Cabul, and their hostile attack on Khiva caused all the Mohammedan chieftans in Asia to ask themselves and others, what next? Shere Ali, in spite of all the cold rebuffs he had met with from us, once more applied to the Viceroy of India for advice how to act supposing Russia to press toward his boundary. Even then it was not too late for England to have repaired the mistakes which had been made, and by a little timely conces-

sion and show of practical friendship, to secure the hearty alliance of Shere Ali.

But he was told that as England and Russia were on terms of peace and friendship, it behooved Shere Ali to make terms with Russia. Can we complain after this, if he entertains a mission from the Czar favorably?

His next grievance is the perpetual demand for the admission of our officers as residents or permanent envoys at Cabul. Unfortunately for us, the entrance of a political agent of the Indian Government into the capital of an independent chief is looked upon by those chiefs as synonymous with annexation. It may be all a mistake, and the presence of our political officers, especially the very clever men of the new school, may be an unmixed benefit to the native chiefs. But the native chieftain dreads nothing so much as a request from the British Government for the admission of a political officer into the capital of his State. A former Maharaja of Puttiala, on his death-bed, sent a messenger to the then young ruler of Cashmere, on no account to admit a Resident from the British Government; and this feeling is shared by all rajahs and rulers in India.

It is notorious that not only would Shere Ali never admit a resident envoy, but, as Syad Noor Mahomed very forcibly remarked, no Afghan would rest till he had got the foreigner out of his country. It may suit Shere Ali's book to be friendly and hospitable for a time to a Russian Embassy, but there is no more likelihood of its continuing there for any length of time than of our officers doing so.

There are many other grievances, real or fancied—such as our nonrecognition of Abdulla Jan, the advance on Quettah, and our sending presents to the Mir of Wakhan, whom the Ameer considers his vassal, but of whose existence Syad Noor Mahomed pleaded ignorance in 1873, and afterwards excused himself by saying his master's dominions were so extensive that it was impossible to remember the names of all the countries.

But without going into the question of the present viceroy's policy in withdrawing our native agent, and so finally closing the door on ourselves, and of his mode of formu-



lating this quarrel with Afghanistan, I think enough has been said to enable any one possessed of calm judgment to answer the first question raised by Sir J. Stephen, whether our conduct for some years past toward the Ameer of Cabul has been judicious.

One word more: We have been somewhat startled of late by a series of telegrams from the *Times*' correspondent in India, laying bare not only the policy but the fears and forebodings of the Viceroy of India.

One ought not, perhaps, nowadays to be too much surprised at any political revelations; but making every allowance, it must be acknowledged that if, as is commonly reported, these telegrams are officially inspired, they are perfect marvels of indiscretion.

Amongst other things they tell us, what Lord Lytton appears to have taken no pains to conceal, that, in his opinion, all preceding Indian administrators who have dealt with the countries beyond our frontier were novices and blunderers, and that it has been reserved for him to give them lessons in diplomacy.

This has been said in almost as many words in the telegrams; and we know that Lord Lytton is freely credited with such sentiments. It was his idea that within a very short period after he began to manipulate Afghan politics, Ameer Shere Ali would be at his feet. There were not wanting numbers of well-trained and experienced officers around him, who knew Cabul politics and Shere Ali personally, who could have told him the truth; but they were kept at arm's length, and were to be taught, at a distance, to admire the skill which was to bring the savage barbarian, as these inspired telegrams call Shere Ali, from a position of defiance to a posture of humility.

Possibly, after a long and bloody war, and at the cost of many millions, Shere Ali may be reduced to submission, if he do not flee for refuge to the Russians. But will this not be carrying out, on a grand scale, the Chinese plan of burning down your house in order to roast your pig? Any of the preceding viceroys would probably have achieved the same result, had he been al-

lowed, or had he cared, to plunge the country into war.

This is not the time to discuss the merits of the policies of different viceroys; but from the sweeping condemnation pronounced by Lord Lytton, through his inspired telegrams, he might have exempted Lord Mayo. If ever there was a viceroy, who, by his splendid physique, his frank manner, his calm dignity, his straightforward conduct and cool determination, sound judgment, and knowledge of human character, was fitted to be an *anax andrôn*—"a king of men"—it was he. The personal influence he exercised over Ameer Shere Ali was as powerful as it was remarkable; and had he been allowed one tithe of the liberty of action which has been accorded to Lord Lytton, I firmly believe that Shere Ali would have been bound to the British Government for life. Unfortunately the party then in power in England had shown a determined hostility to Lord Mayo personally; and as for Afghan politics, the Duke of Argyll, like Gallio, cared for none of these things.

Lord Lytton, on the other hand, has had every thing in his favor. If India is to be governed by pomp and parade, and if the true way to manage the millions of Hindoostan be after the Roman fashion—giving *panem et circenses*, Lord Lytton has been encouraged to conquer the hearts of her majesty's Indian subjects by Delhi shows and showers of medals and ribbons. Afghan chiefs are made of sterner stuff. Had Lord Lytton been present at the Umballa Durbar, and heard the contemptuous epithets applied by Shere Ali's followers to some Indian chiefs, whose breasts glittered with gems and orders, he would probably have formed a juster estimate of the character of the people he had to deal with, and would have learned that it required something more than a magician's wand to induce the ruler of Cabul to sign away the independence of his people by submitting, at the first call of even the most consummate master of diplomacy, to receive a permanent envoy at his capital.

It may be a hopeless task to stem the current of public opinion. *Delenda est Car-*

*thago* is the fiat of Lord Lytton and that portion of the press which supports his views. The insults offered by Shere Ali are assumed to be such that nought but his humiliation and the subjection of his power to our supremacy will appease the British public. I venture to think that those of us who made his acquaintance and gained his friendship when he came to the Umballa Durbar in 1869, will adhere to the belief, that the

best mode of meeting Russian aggression is not by putting our hands into a hornet's nest, and lament that Lord Mayo's plan of conciliating and controlling Shere Ali has not been allowed to have full scope.

In the inevitable war with Afghanistan the British arms, will, of course, be victorious; but I venture to predict that our real troubles will only begin when we have Cabul at our feet.

### DEAF MUTE EDUCATION.

THE protection and instruction afforded to the unfortunates who are destitute of one or more of their senses, is a marked feature of our modern Christian civilization. The thought of restoring the lost faculties, or repairing by education the injury caused by this deficiency, seems never to have occurred to the ancients. It was supposed that those born blind or deaf were under the immediate curse of heaven; and often they were destroyed in infancy with either the direct sanction or the connivance of the government. They could contribute nothing to the aggrandizement of the State, and hence were considered burdensome, and disposed of in the most summary and inexpensive way. Among the Hindoos congenital deaf-mutes were rendered incapable of inheritance by legislative enactment. In Rome they were regarded as unable to manage their own affairs, and placed under guardianship on the same footing with the insane and imbecile. No doubt the mind of the deaf mute, without the modern methods of education, must always remain in a comparatively torpid state, and life be little more than prolonged infancy. The mind is to so great an extent dependent on language to arouse its faculties and convey the simplest lessons, that without this, or some substitute for it, very few, if any, well defined ideas can be formed. So recently as the middle of the eighteenth century Condillac, a celebrated French philosopher, denied to this class the faculty of memory and the power

of reasoning. St. Augustine declared it was beyond the resources of art, and even the limits of possibility, to instruct the deaf and dumb, and in proof of it he quoted Romans x, 17, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Until recently it had been thought utterly impossible to awaken in the minds of deaf mutes any thing like moral ideas. It was generally believed that they possessed no idea of God, and were utterly incapable of understanding the distinction between right and wrong. But this has been demonstrated to be a great mistake. While the notions of an uneducated deaf mute concerning God and moral distinctions are very crude and confused, it is not true that he possesses no notions at all about these things. Some of them when questioned upon these matters after they had been educated have replied that before they were educated they had no idea of God at all. But doubtless they mean that they had no idea of the God of the Bible. Most, if not all, of them are really polytheists. They recognize a superhuman power in the storm, the sun, the moon, and almost every other wonderful object which they behold but can not comprehend.

In many respects the blind possess a great advantage over the deaf. It is well known that children born deaf never acquire the power of speech. And if one becomes deaf as a result of disease or accident, after having had the use of language for years, he gradually loses his ability to speak. This

arises, in some cases, from the fact that the organs of speech and hearing are so intimately connected that the same injury which destroys the latter often impairs or destroys the former. When this is not the case, the deaf person loses the power of speech from neglect. Not being able to hear his own voice, or the voice of others, he becomes indifferent to the exercise of talking. He is embarrassed lest he should make blunders in the pronunciation and use of words which he never hears, and avoids conversation. The deaf, therefore, suffer a double privation. They are almost wholly cut off from the pleasures of society, which the blind enjoy. They are unable to gather knowledge from books, unless they are already educated to a considerable degree. The blind may use the eyes of their friends with which to read and receive some knowledge of the world. But no deaf man can use the ears of another to supply his own defect. Without the modern institutions and inventions for the education of the blind, many persons destitute of sight have acquired vast stores of knowledge and a high degree of mental culture, and have become conversant with a wide range of literature, but no such good fortune ever befell a deaf mute. The loss of hearing would not be so great a calamity as the loss of sight to an adult scholar who finds his chief enjoyment in reading and writing, but to the child whose faculties are not yet unfolded, and capable of active and independent exercise, the loss of hearing would be incalculably the greater privation.

It is not true, as some have supposed, that the deaf are characteristically melancholy. This notion has obtained currency from the fact that deaf mutes have so often been treated by society as imbeciles. They are discouraged by their friends concerning their own abilities and prospects. They are exiled from society, and looked upon as objects of pity, and so come to regard themselves as inferior in mental capacity to others of their race. But when introduced into the society of those who know how to communicate with them and quicken their intellects, they become cheerful and happy. The new life which opens to them, and the

new hopes to which it gives rise, remove the distinction between themselves and others. Boys who before manifested symptoms of gloom and despondency, soon learn to romp and play, and by means of sign-language to convey their roguish thoughts and feelings to one another with almost as much facility and mirth as their more highly favored brothers. A short time since we were told of a child about seven years of age who was taken to an asylum for deaf mutes. He was not only deaf and dumb, but lame also, and not able to walk without crutches. This added to his embarrassment, and increased his aversion to society. At first he refused to notice any one or to respond to any efforts to communicate with him. He indeed seemed to be hopelessly afflicted with melancholy, and for some time refused to eat. But after a few days he began to discover that there was such a thing as real society for him. He saw the possibility of inter-communication between such unfortunate persons as himself. His mind began to awaken and reach out after ideas and friendship; and so ceased to prey on itself. He accordingly soon became cheerful and happy, and made a bright and promising scholar.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century scarcely any thing had been accomplished by way of educating this class of persons. Efforts made in that direction before that date were limited to a few individuals, the sons of rich men or men of high rank. About the year 1550 Pedro Ponce de Leon undertook the instruction of a few deaf and dumb children in Spain, and claimed to have achieved some success. He relates that two of his pupils, were not only delivered from the darkness which had shrouded their intellects, but rose to responsible positions. In 1620 Juan Paulo Bonet, a Benedictine monk of Spain, published a work on teaching the dumb to speak. He is believed to have been the inventor of the single hand alphabet, still in use among deaf mute instructors throughout the world. In 1653 Dr. John Wallis, an English mathematician and professor at Oxford, taught two deaf mutes to articulate distinctly. He conceived the principle which was after-

ward so generally adopted by teachers of the deaf and dumb, that the mind is capable of forming conceptions in written as well as in spoken language. To him belongs the credit of being the pioneer in the work of educating deaf mutes in England. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Jacob Rodriguez Pereira, a Spaniard of Jewish descent, exhibited before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, some of his deaf and dumb pupils who had made remarkable proficiency in learning. They were able both to understand whatever was written before them, and also by watching the lips of the speakers, to comprehend whatever was said to them, and to reply in articulate language. But Pereira, ambitious to make a fortune for his family out of his art, concealed the secret of it and it was lost to the world. Abbe de l'Epée, born at Versailles in 1812, was a pioneer in this work, and perhaps did more to awaken an interest in, and promote the education of, the deaf and dumb than any other man. Refusing to subscribe to certain tenets of the Catholic Church, his way to promotion in the priesthood was closed, and he turned his attention to the education of indigent deaf and dumb children. He persistently refused remuneration, gifts, or pensions for his services. He originated the method of communicating information to the deaf by means of signs and gestures. Although his methods have since been greatly improved, yet they have furnished the basis of nearly all subsequent efforts, and his success settled the question of the possibility of quickening and developing the minds of the deaf. About the same time Thomas Braidwood opened an institution in Edinburgh. He depended chiefly on teaching articulation. Through mercenary motives he kept his methods secret, so that none but his own pupils ever received much benefit from his labors. In 1815 Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, a clergyman in Hartford, Connecticut, was sent to Europe by several benevolent gentlemen, to study the methods of teaching the deaf and dumb in that country. After an absence of two years he returned, and directed in the establishment of the first asylum for this unfortunate class

in America. This institution was located at Hartford, and still exists under the name of *American Asylum*. From this beginning forty others have grown up in different parts of the country, while in Europe the number has reached nearly two hundred and fifty.

There are two methods of teaching deaf mutes. One is the *articulation* system, the other is that of *writing* and *sign language*. In teaching according to the articulation system, the pupil is placed before the teacher, and directed to watch the motion of the lips and throat, while the vowel sounds are made. The hand of the pupil is placed on the throat of the teacher, so as to feel the different movements, and these he is instructed to imitate. Afterward the consonants, and then simple words are introduced and practiced; and the meaning of the words is shown by pointing to the objects which they represent. This process is continued until the pupil can read on the lips of the teacher the words uttered and express his own ideas and feelings in the same way. This process is necessarily tedious, though there is a vast difference between mutes as to the facility with which they will learn to use language. Those who have once possessed the power of speech and have lost it will learn much more rapidly than congenital mutes. In most, if not all cases of remarkable proficiency, the person in question had become deaf as late as the age of eight or ten years, and recovered the power of speech at twelve or thirteen. It seems, indeed, to be impossible to teach a deaf mute to speak who had never heard or spoken, though it is claimed by some that even this can be accomplished in some cases.

The sign language method is most used in this country. The instruction begins in a very natural way. An object is shown to the pupil, and some natural sign for it made. With the object present and the natural sign made, an outline of the thing is drawn on the blackboard, and the name written in it, and the same sign is applied to the name as to the object. The object being removed and the outline rubbed out, the same sign is used for the name alone. By this process the pupil soon learns



to understand the sign and to write the word. Other objects are treated in the same way. Then the quality of the object, and the action, and the object of the action are represented in a similar manner, until the pupil can form a sentence. He will soon acquire a considerable vocabulary, and with it the various ideas are conveyed to him, and the arts of writing and reading taught.

These methods are considerably modified and changed to suit the views of different teachers. Frequently both methods are used in the same institution. But articulation is used chiefly in Europe, and writing and sign language in America. Under these new modes of supplying the place of language great progress has been made in the education of deaf mutes. There are more eminent men and women of this class now living than have lived in all the

ages of the past. They have acquired the ability to support themselves in the practice of the various mechanical arts, and many of them have attained superior culture and risen to honorable and useful positions. They become excellent teachers in deaf mute asylums, writers for the press, and editors of newspapers. A gentleman who never spoke nor heard in his life, was educated at the Ohio Asylum, and is now teaching in the same institution, where he has charge of the first grammar grade, and is one of the best teachers in the school. In the absence of a regular chaplain, he and the other teachers and the superintendent conduct the devotional exercises in the chapel. This is only one out of hundreds of cases which prove conclusively that this enterprise is one of the chief blessings of modern civilization.

#### CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

ONE of the most instructive methods of considering the great doctrines of theology is to view them in their relation to the age in which they were first fully developed. It has been by means of the accumulated experience of Christian life that the truths of our faith have been brought to the light of day and have been impressed upon the Christian conscience; and the greatest crises in the history of the Church have been those at which some grand doctrine has become prominent, has aroused all the spiritual and mental energies of the greatest men of the day, and has received at their hands its formal expression. This is eminently the case with the doctrine of the Trinity. Though that which is commonly called the creed of St. Athanasius can not be considered as really his, nevertheless the assertion of the cardinal truth in the doctrine of the Trinity is indissolubly associated with his name. The character of that doctrine is in the present day much misapprehended, and seems to offer great difficulties to some minds. They regard it as a metaphysical speculation, and they do not

discern its vital relation to Christian life. It may remove some of these difficulties, and will at least contribute to a comprehension of the real character and importance of the doctrine, if we consider it in relation to the age of St. Athanasius, and inquire what was the point of view from which he approached it.

For this purpose it will be desirable to attempt a general sketch of the main issues, both political and religious, which were at stake in the fourth century. That century has been designated by one of the principal of English ecclesiastical writers as *seculum Arianum*, or the Arian century, and there can be no question of the substantial accuracy of this description of it. Arianism, and the struggle which raged round it, occupy the largest space in the Church history of the time. But it will at once be evident that such a designation indicates what may be called the negative aspect of the century, and that the true movement of thought and life within it must be sought in the positive principle against which Arianism contended, and which ultimately won the victory. That

principle was the true divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the grand truth which was at stake in all the struggles, theological and even political, of that time; and if the phrase were not ambiguous, it might not be amiss to describe this century as *seculum Christianum*, the Christian century, by special eminence. A single contrast will suffice to indicate the nature of the great victory which was won.

The century opens with the spectacle of the whole civil authority of the empire engaged in a desperate attempt to stamp out the Christian faith. The most barbarous tortures, the most reckless bloodshed, and wholesale civil proscriptions, were brought to bear against the members of the Christian Church. Such was the commencement of the century; let us turn to its close. In the year 390, the Emperor Theodosius, in the plenitude of his power, had ordered an indiscriminate slaughter of at least seven thousand persons in the city of Thessalonica, in revenge for the murder of one of his officers by the mob of the city. St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, at once addressed to the emperor an indignant remonstrance against such an act of cruelty, and declared that he could not celebrate the eucharist in his presence until, by some public act of penance, he had made amends to the Church for such an offense. The emperor accordingly performed public penance, stripping himself of his royal insignia, and praying for pardon with sighs and tears, and he is said not to have passed a day afterward without grieving for his crime. The character of a period of history is often best appreciated by taking two characteristic scenes of this kind, and considering the distance of thought which separates them, and the space in human experience which must have been traversed before the one could have succeeded the other. What is that space in this instance? It is obvious that a totally new authority has been established, and this authority is that of Christ and Christ's ministers. St. Ambrose was, of course, destitute of any legal right to call Theodosius to account. He is simply representing his Master; that Master is recog-

nized by Theodosius as his Lord and his God, and the monarch of the world submits himself to Christ's punishment and control. It is this which must be considered the grand result of the controversy with Arianism. Christ, at the beginning of the century, was to the world at large simply the object of the worship of a persecuted sect. At the end of the century, he is recognized publicly by the highest authority of the empire as the Divine Lord of all.

If this consideration be kept in view, it may impart a unity to the confused struggles of this period which would otherwise be wanting. One grand result is really being worked out amidst all the disorganized passions, intrigues, controversies, and persecutions of the time. That result is the supreme moral and spiritual authority of Christ; and as the century passes away we see in the person of Innocent, the first great pope, the Christian Church, as the representative of that divine name, assuming the control over the world which was fast dropping from the hands of all civil power. It is the greatness of Constantine to have conceived, however imperfectly, the possibility of some such revolution, and to have given the first impulse to it. His conception, indeed, involved the centralization of this new moral authority in the hands of the civil power, and this error led to all the contradictions of his reign. In his vision, real or pretended, of a cross with the legend, "By this thou shalt conquer," more seems to be included than the mere promise of victory in battle; and to disparage that vision, as has been sometimes done, on the ground that the cross was unworthy to be associated with the bloody scenes of war, is to take too narrow a view of its significance. So far as it implied that the sole method by which any civil authority could for the future assert a permanent supremacy was by allying itself with the cross and the Church, it accurately symbolized not merely the crisis in Constantine's life, but the crisis which then prevailed in the history of the world. In this sense the vision remains true to the present day; and the time may come again when the civil power, craving once more for a

solid support and a permanent basis for its authority, may recur to the pregnant vision of the first Christian emperor.

Constantine has himself told us what was his main animating conception at the outset of his reign. "I propose to myself," he said, "in the first place to unite under one form the opinion which all nations held of the Deity, and, secondly, to restore its former vigor to the whole body of the empire, which appeared to be affected by a grievous malady. Keeping these objects before me, I considered the one with the silent eyes of thought, and I endeavored to attain the other by force of arms. For I conceived that if, as was my desire, I could establish a common agreement amongst all the worshippers of God, the administration of public affairs would receive a beneficial change conformable to the pious feelings of all men."\* His vision, accordingly, has been well described, whatever its real character, as "the response of faith to an interrogation of genius." From that moment his part was taken, and, with whatever inconsistency or ignorance, he sought thenceforward in the Church the principle of unity and of authority which was escaping from the empire. This was the idea which he initiated, and by virtue of which he justly holds the title of "Constantine the Great." It was an idea only to be realized by a fierce and prolonged struggle, political and spiritual, ecclesiastical, intellectual, and social—a struggle, amidst which not merely noble and wise deeds, but splendid errors, were inevitable; a struggle which called into play the greatest and deepest forces of the human spirit, and involved, little as it was foreseen, the subversion of one civilization and the creation of another.

It is imperative for us, if we would form any adequate conception of the nature of this period, and of the men who lived and worked in it, to disengage ourselves from the habit, so often indulged, of forming judgments on the great characters of such a time in accordance with the exigencies and the habits of wholly different periods and circumstances. The more we enter into those

momentous struggles, the more—like men surveying a battle-field—shall we condone the passion, the blunders, the defects we may witness, and the more must our whole sympathy be given to the noble energies and the lofty thoughts which were inspiring the actors. The errors of Constantine were in great measure like the errors of Columbus. The Spaniard, animated by a vision of genius, started on a vast and mysterious sea in search of India. He did not find the Indies, but he did find a new continent, and he called into existence a new world. Constantine was attracted by the illusion that he could find in the Christian Church a permanent bond of union for the Roman State, and a new source of imperial authority. In the latter effort he was unsuccessful, and his successors failed still more signally. But he did set free the forces which were destined to create a new bond of union for human society, and to establish a permanent moral authority in the world.

But where was this authority to be centered? Constantine, as we have seen, conceived with justice that it could only be found in the recognition by all men of one supreme object of worship, and for this he looked to the Church. The cardinal question, therefore, of his reign, and of the century, was, what was the object of worship which the Church thus presented to the world? Of that there was no doubt. It was our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Godhead as incarnate in him. The essence of Christian life up to that time had been the absolute devotion of the soul to its Divine Lord. The Gospel had found the secret of evoking a love which absorbed all the heart, all the soul, all the mind, and all the strength; a love which transcended the limits of this life, the very bounds of space, of time, and all the conditions of human weakness, and which enabled men in the full exercise of all their powers, to surrender themselves to the service of Christ. This is the main fact on which it behooves us to concentrate our attention, if we would do the least justice to the nature of the Arian struggle. It is a point which has been seized with singular clearness and force by Dr. Newman, who is

\* Euseb., *Vit. Const.* ii, 65.

doubtless the greatest English master of the history of this time. The force of this divine vision is admirably depicted in a tale called "Callista," in which he describes the Christian life in the middle of the previous century, during the persecution of the time of Cyprian. The person of Christ had revealed to all the noble souls who had heard of it a vision of truth, of purity, of spiritual beauty and grace by which they were enraptured. In the first ardor of this vision, as yet unobscured by the formal garb which human weakness at length threw around it, they were stimulated to efforts of spiritual fervor and ascetic self-discipline which to us seem scarcely conceivable. Doubtless that enthusiasm led them into error; but it is a trial of patience to hear them coolly criticized. "He was a great man," said one statesman of another, "and I have forgotten all his faults." "They were great saints, and their faults were like spots in the sun," would, on the whole, be the just as well as generous judgment of the ecclesiastical historian on these characters.

The most conspicuous type of them is St. Antony, born about the year 250, the son of noble, opulent, and Christian parents. He was brought up as a Christian, and seems to have been from the first fascinated by the life and truth of the Gospel. He could not bring himself to submit to the ordinary studies of a liberal education, such as philosophy and foreign languages; and at length his mind became earnestly set on imitating, as he conceived to the letter, the apostles and their converts, who gave up their possessions and followed Christ. One day in the Gospel read in Church, he heard the text, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast;" and soon afterwards the text, "Take no thought for the morrow;" and, at length, having sold all his personal property, and having intrusted his sister to the care of some pious women, he commenced a strictly ascetic life. He began by visiting other ascetics and learning from them. He is described as subjecting himself sincerely to the zealous men whom he visited, and marking, in his own thoughts, the special attainments of each in zeal and as-

cetic life—the refined manner of one, another's continuance in prayer, the meekness of a third, the kindness of a fourth, the long vigils of a fifth, the studiousness of a sixth. This one had a marvelous gift of endurance, that of fasting and sleeping on the ground. This was gentle, that long-suffering; and in one and all, it is added, he noted their devotion towards Christ, and love one towards another. Thus furnished, he returned to his own ascetic retreat, with the intention of combining in himself their separate exercises, and zealously minded to exemplify them all.

Thus commenced a long and vehement struggle between an intensely powerful will and a noble heart devoted to Christ on the one side, and on the other the passions and weaknesses of the flesh, stimulated and strengthened, not weakened, as was erroneously hoped, by austerities which disorganized the whole system, and disturbed the mental balance. Lashed, as is described, by the spirits whom he saw in his visions, he would cry out loudly, "Here am I, Antony. I do not shun your blows; though ye add to them, yet nothing shall separate me from the love of Christ." At last he attained comparative calm; and thus he lived to the age of more than a hundred years; and his last words reveal to us the secret and the passion of his life: "I, as it is written, go the way of my fathers, for I perceive I am called by the Lord. Ye, then, be sober, and forfeit not the reward of your long asceticism; but as those who have made a beginning, be diligent to hold fast your earnestness. Ye know the assaults of the evil one, how fearful they are, yet how powerless. Fear them not; rather breathe the spirit of Christ, and believe in him always. Live as dying daily, take heed to yourselves, and remember the admonitions you have heard from me. Have no fellowship with the schismatics, nor at all with the heretical Arians. Be diligent thie rather to join yourselves, first of all, to the Lord, next to the saints; that after death they may receive you as friends and intimates into the eternal habitations. . . . Bury my body in the earth, in obedience to my word, so that no



one may know the place except yourselves. In the resurrection of the dead it will be restored to me incorruptible by the Savior."

Such was the life of St. Antony. It was one intense and prolonged effort to subdue every passion and distraction of his soul which was unworthy of his Savior, and which was inconsistent with union with him. It would, as has been said, be a task as ungrateful as unnecessary to dwell on the errors of judgment by which such a life was attended. Perhaps the cardinal error was simply due to a lack of knowledge not at that day possessed by any one, to the supposition, namely, that the body could be best subdued by bringing it into a wholly unnatural condition; whereas, on the contrary, such a condition was the very one in which impulses and imaginations escape from the healthy control of the will. As to the monastic life itself, even in this extreme form, before its adoption at that time by men naturally inclined for it be adversely criticized, it would demand serious consideration whether in a state of society steeped in corruption, to an extent which, probably, we can none of us realize, some vehement revolt of this kind against the ordinary life of the world was not equally imperative and serviceable. These remarks will apply in great measure to the whole ascetic life of the period—to the lives of St. Basil and the Gregorians, no less than to that of St. Antony. It was, perhaps, the most conspicuous and influential factor in Christian life at that time. It has been observed that all the greatest souls who guided the Church, and, through the Church, the world, through this momentous crisis, were trained like the Israelites of old in the desert. All, like Antony, were absorbed by that which our Elizabethan poet has described as the vision of heavenly love and beauty, and they wrestled with their souls and their bodies, with the men around them, and even with their parents, in order to attain to the revelation and the enjoyment of it. They were sensible only of the terrible barriers which the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life interposed between themselves and the object of their lofty passion,

and they dashed themselves, perhaps madly, against the bars of their earthly prison. The Church had to learn that it is not by breaking through the fetters which this life imposes on us, but by bearing them patiently and submitting meekly to our burdens that the soul is, as a rule, destined to reach its home. But when all is said and all allowance made, the life of these ascetic saints of the fourth century is, of all the witnesses to the power which the love of Christ can exercise on the soul of man, among the greatest which have been described in authentic history since apostolic times. That men should have been capable of such devotion is a glory to humanity as well as a glory to the Church.

It was also in the midst of this life of ascetic devotion to Christ that the seeds of St. Athanasius's character were sown. His mind, which was of the first order, had received the highest logical and rhetorical training of the day; and as two early treatises by him prove, he possessed a singular mastery of the philosophy of the ancient world. But when still an unknown deacon, attached to the person of Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, he was fond of retiring to the desert and refreshing himself with the society of St. Antony. He caught from Antony his spiritual ardor; and he has been justly described as inflamed from his youth with that passion which creates saints—the love of Jesus Christ. He recognized in the person of the Savior human and Divine, the revelation of the Divine glory, Divine wisdom, Divine goodness, Divine beauty; and on the recognition of this revelation, and the submission of the whole man to it, he discerned that the Christian life and the redemption of mankind depended. Only a Person who was both Divine and human, and who through his humanity could bring home the Godhead to the hearts of men, was capable of inspiring that absolute and that eternal devotion which possessed the souls of an Antony and an Athanasius. From this conviction, from this passion (we may be allowed to say), his whole career takes its start; and in this it finds its unity.

But Athanasius differed from Antony in

possessing an intellect of which the grasp and the profundity equaled the depth and the tenacity of his affections. He discerned, as all the greatest minds have done, the immense power which intellectual conceptions exert over the imaginations and the hearts of men. Philosophy and religion take their rise, probably, in the instincts and impulses of the heart; but when once their main conceptions have been given a definite form, that form reacts on the heart itself, and supplies a mold in which the thoughts and the feelings of whole generations of men are cast. The Christian creed, in the brief form in which it already existed, had thus molded unconsciously the thoughts and emotions of the Christian Church, and St. Athanasius recognized that an erroneous interpretation, once definitely affixed to that formulæ, would exert a most far-reaching effect. It is the combination of these two convictions which animated his intense and life-long battle against the Arian party. The motive of that struggle was his instinctive sense and his clear conviction that the error set on foot by Arius, however disguised, struck at the root of that absolute devotion to the Savior which, as we have seen, was the animating motive of his own life, and of the life of the Church. The form which this struggle took—that of maintaining rigidly the Nicene Creed—was due to the instinct of his age, justified by his own insight and wisdom, that the maintenance of a sound form of words, supplying, as it were, the stamp to be impressed on the minds of the whole Christian community, and directing and controlling their thoughts, is a cardinal necessity, if a great truth is to be rendered the central influence in society. Now the speculation of the Arians, as of all the secondary Arian sects, however modified, had one uniform result—that it attributed a created character to the superhuman part of our Lord's nature. He might be the most transcendent of all creatures, but a creature he remained; and as such there was at once established an infinite gulf between him and God. If he were of the nature of a creature, then the belief in which St. Athanasius and St. Antony lived, that

in surrendering itself to him and in union and communion with him, the soul entered into union with God, was a delusion, and the unlimited devotion which constituted the essence of Christian life was deprived of its celestial source.

This view can not be better illustrated than by a reference to the parallel life of St. Hilary of Poitiers. He was the Athanasius of the West, and was similarly animated by a kind of passion for the divinity of Christ, inspired by a sense of personal gratitude and peace. Not brought up in the Christian faith like St. Athanasius, he had been gradually drawn to it, first through his craving for something more satisfying to the noble impulses of his soul than the occupations or the philosophy of the time afforded him; and secondly, by the direct force of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures. "My soul," he says "aspires to know the God from whom it derived its life, to consecrate itself entirely to him, to ennoble itself in serving him, to rest all its hopes upon him, and to repose in him, as in a friendly and safe harbor against the storms of existence. To see and to know this God was the desire which inflamed me." This vision was at last opened to him by the sacred words, "I am that I am;" but its first effect was simply to render him sensible of the infinite distance which separated a mere mortal from such a being. In this state of despair he opened the Gospel according to St. John, and read the two statements, "The Word was God," and "The Word was made flesh." "Then," he exclaims, "my restless soul found more hope than it had dreamed of. . . . I comprehended that God the Word had been made flesh in order that through this Word incarnate the flesh might raise itself up to God; and to assure us that the Word incarnate is the true Word of God, and that the flesh which he has taken is not different from that of our own bodies. He has dwelt among us. . . . In deigning to take our flesh he loses not his own dignity; for as only Son of the Father, full of grace and truth, he is both perfect in his own nature and veritably endued with ours. Accordingly my soul joyfully embraced the doctrine of this

divine mystery, thus raising itself to God by means of the flesh, and called by faith to a new birth." If Christ had not been truly God, these transports of St. Hilary would have been based on an illusion.

Let it be observed, then, by way of further illustrating this view of the subject, that there could be no greater perversion of history than the accusation continually made against St. Athanasius, and against the Church of that day, that they set on foot rash speculations into the nature of the God-head. It would be scarcely too much to say that in their view the nature of the God-head was only indirectly, if at all, in question. That which was in question was the nature of Christ—the nature of that being on whom ten generations of Christians had lavished a love, a devotion, a martyrdom which the human heart could render to none but to God in human form, and with reverence and submission, to whom every fiber of their being was intertwined. The speculation on the nature of God was all on the other side. It was Arianism which started from those speculations respecting the nature of God which have always had such a terrible fascination for the Eastern mind. It was, in fact, the last and the most subtle of those philosophical schemes which, for the first three or four centuries, beginning with Gnosticism, were designed to supplant the simple faith of Christians in Jesus Christ by systems of the universe, and schemes of the Divine nature, founded partly on existing philosophical doctrines, and partly on the facts of our Lord's life. It was always the great effort of the Church to avoid speculating on these mysterious points, which were felt to be wholly beyond our ken. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity is not regarded by St. Athanasius as an abstract statement of the nature of God. It is a statement of so much of his nature as is involved in the practical and cardinal truth of the divine nature of Christ. The question with St. Athanasius was the evangelical one, What think ye of Christ? It was Arius and his followers who put that presumptuous and dangerous question, What think ye of the Deity? Let it once

be recognized that it was this practical, personal, moral and devotional question which was at issue in the Arian controversy, and that controversy at once loses the unreal and speculative character with which of late it has been sometimes invested. When the living occasion had passed, and the real issue was determined, it may have been prolonged unduly in verbal disputes; but in itself it arose out of the intensest, the deepest, the most human, and at the same time the most divine impulses that ever stirred the heart of man. What controversy, indeed, in any age, can compare with one which is to determine whether there shall be any limits to the devotion which the soul of man shall render to the Lord Jesus Christ or to the trust which, for time and for eternity, it shall place in him?

The question derived, moreover, an especial importance from the position occupied by Paganism and Pagan philosophy at that period. The Pagan religion and philosophy had been deeply affected by the moral life awakened by Christianity, and in this century it made a last, a desperate, and on the whole, a generous effort to incorporate within itself, and to present in a new mold, the moral and spiritual impulses thus evoked. Perhaps its most remarkable characteristic for our present purpose is to be found in the passionate efforts which it made to open to the soul of man, by its doctrines and its practices, the means of union with God. This was the grand object which Plotinus, the great master of the Neoplatonic philosophy, had in view. He and Porphyry and Iamblichus worked out an elaborate scheme which strove to embrace ancient forms of worship and of thought, but which culminated in the idea that in moments of ecstasy, an ecstasy to be produced by efforts similar to those of Christian asceticism, the vision of God might be attained. It is impossible to understand the history of human thought and human life, unless it be recognized that this craving for union with the Divine nature is an ineradicable instinct of man. It assumed at this moment, in Pagans and in Christians alike, the form of an overpowering passion; and Pagan



philosophy was in this century competing with Christianity for the right of satisfying that passion.

It is in this transformed Paganism, and in this incorporation of the nobler impulses of Christianity, that the melancholy apostasy of Julian finds its explanation. His history too is that of a struggling soul, confused amidst the mighty forces and impulses of his age. The first thing he would have heard of Christianity was that a Christian emperor had massacred nearly all his relatives. By his very position he was forced to suspect the dominant influences of the time; and it is to be remembered that, when such a suspicion was once aroused, Paganism had at that age a claim on the intellect which we can not now appreciate. The greatest works of art, the greatest literary productions, were all Pagan. Christians had to seek in the schools of Pagan teachers the logical, rhetorical, and philosophical instruction they needed. Julian yielded to this immense temptation, and thought that a revived Paganism might incorporate in itself the best features of the Christian Church, while retaining the supremacy of the ancient ideas and of the ancient literature. It strangely illustrates the critical struggle of the time that his companions at the University of Athens, as we may call it, St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen, were among the chief creators of a Christian literature of which the glory has at least equaled, if it has not surpassed, that of the literature of the old world. But such was the crisis. The question was whether Christ should be the Lord of the world, or whether some new scheme of Pagan, or semi-Pagan religion should be attempted, which would but prolong the dying agonies of the old civilization. With such a scheme Arianism was in no way incompatible; for if Christ was a creature, his supremacy, even if admitted, might be only that of the first amidst a crowd of subordinate deities. It is to be remembered, as illustrating that danger, that not long after this date, even the great soul of St. Augustine was fascinated by Manichæism, which resembled Arianism in adopting, in many respects, the forms of Christian

faith, while rejecting its essential principle. In a word, that which was at issue was the absolute and eternal supremacy of Christ over the hearts and minds of men.

That supremacy was finally determined by the two great councils of this century—that of Nice in 325, and that of Constantinople in 381. Those councils expressed the adherence of the whole Christian world to that view of the nature of our Lord which involved the absolute submission of the human heart to his sway. It has been said that they failed to produce the unanimity for the purpose of which they were summoned. So must any expedient, short of a miracle. But they did not fail in establishing a creed which, from that day to this, has dominated the thoughts, determined the feelings, and guided the devotion of the Christian world.

Such is the general result of the fourth century. It is the establishment as the cardinal principle of belief, of worship, of thought, and of life, that in our Lord Jesus Christ is to be found the incarnation, and, for our present condition, the ultimate revelation of the Godhead. It is, consequently, the establishment of the principle that the whole of life must be regulated and guided in obedience to him, and that he is the one being whom men may love and obey with all their heart, with all their soul, and all their strength. We commenced by considering the aim of Constantine to establish by means of the Christian Church, a new authority and a new center of unity. A new authority and a new center of unity were established. But they were established in Christ and not in Roman emperors; and without disparagement to the great statesman who opened the way to such a triumph the real author of that triumph is not Constantine, but Athanasius. From this point of view it will appear that the dogma for which St. Athanasius contended, instead of being a metaphysical subtlety, involves the very substance of Christian life and practice. The issues at stake in the contest were primarily moral, and the result was one of the greatest moral and spiritual victories in the history of the Church.



## AMONG THE THORNS.

## CHAPTER XXV.

GATHERED around the fire in the breakfast-room at Portland Square, the morning after the party at Sir William Burt's, Lady Monteith reminded her son that she had promised her old friend a visit from him before he left London.

"I am rather sorry, mother, for the day is full of business, and I want to get back to Moorland's to-night."

"Business! No one has business at this season. You should stay in London and show Mr. Thorn the pleasures of London society."

"He does not care much more for it than I do, mother dear," said Graham, with a smile across the table to Hugh.

"But it seems hardly courteous to drag a guest about among the miserable classes of our population. I want him to have better views of the British people than he can get in that way. Do help me, Mr. Thorn," she said, turning to him with an air of playful distress, "to beguile my son from his manias by assuring him you want to see London life. He wears himself out, and in the end I shall have lost my son and the wicked world will be very much where it was when he began."

Hugh detected the deep solicitude and pride under her assumed seriousness of manner, and did not wonder it was hard for her to bear frequent partings from such a son. But he only told her that for himself he could not stay long enough either for society or for philanthropy; that his duties would take him to Italy.

"So soon! Then all the more reason why you should have gone with me last night to see the Italian artist. By the by, Graham," turning to her son, "you know I was puzzling my brains to find out where I had seen her, and this morning it came to me. She is so like that picture painted for you by the German artist, the Sibyl I mean, that hangs in your little library at Moorlands that she might have been the model.

This lady is older, sadder, but there is the same contour of face and the same peculiarly searching expression of the brow and eyes. The resemblance is really very striking."

Graham and Hugh exchanged quick looks of astonishment and there was a momentary stillness in the room, but Graham was the first to recover speech. "It is not at all impossible that the German artist may have seen her," he said. "He is in Italy and she is evidently a favorite there. Such a resemblance might have come about very naturally, it makes me all the more anxious to see her. We will go round before we go to the city and see Sir William, and pay our respects to the ladies. Do n't you want to lend us your brougham, mother?"

After this there was no more loitering or chatting over the breakfast. As the two young men descended the steps and entered the carriage in waiting, Graham said, "It's very strange, Hugh. Can it be possible that we have found her?"

"Heaven grant it!" answered Hugh fervently; "but we shall soon know."

"It is early yet; Sir William will not be ready at this hour, and we must pass the Academy to reach his house. Suppose we run in for a moment and see the picture."

Ten minutes later arm in arm they climbed the gallery stairs. It was early; but few people were already there, real art lovers who wanted to see the pictures and to avoid the crowd. On every side glowed the canvas overwrought with the thought and life of gifted souls. They did not linger till they reached the principal room where their gaze dropped at once to "the line" on which the most deserving pictures hung. Rapidly their eyes ran over such beauty as it seemed a sacrilege to pass without pausing reverently to admire. It was like being in a new creation, teeming with wildest or sweetest phases of natural beauty, peopled by forms and faces of such varied charm, as almost made one feel in the

work of human genius—the touch of something supernatural and divine. At any other time the two friends would have had a rare sweet hour of converse here, but now they had no words for any thing and no eyes for any picture save one.

It was a wild strange scene, a landscape, which at first impressed the beholder with the weird shuddering sense of brooding tempest and danger that hangs threatening over the scenes by Salvator Rosa—a landscape over which hung the shadows as they hang over the world in that marvelous Crucifixion of Guido's, in the Church of Santa Maria in Lucina in Rome. Guido has caught the moment when the rocks were rent, and the darkness is swept down like a cloud on the wings of a wailing wind. You can not look at the picture and not fancy you hear the shudder of the blast. The moan of the dying Christ is in it. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And here was a picture in which, as in that one, the darkness was a thing to be felt, and the silence a thing that spoke. Clouds and blackness and tempest above, gloomy firs clinging to blackening cliffs and solemn pines bending and swaying in the blast. A rocky mountain pathway opening to the banks of a black and swollen stream. Beyond the river, far away through a vista of cliffs and hills, a little stretch of green upland pasture, on which the slanting rays of sunlight lay, as if falling from some serene place of shining high above the cloudy circle of the storm.

And pausing, midway in the stream, bending before the blast, bracing himself as if for one last effort to breast the black and swollen water, a stalwart figure of St. Christopher stood. He had lifted a child's head from his shoulder to which the water had already risen, struggling to hold it above the torrent. He had caught the look of the child's face smiling down into his own, and under the revelation of the look he seemed inspired and strengthened to struggle on.

The whirling water wrapping about the manly figure yet revealed the tension by which it battled for the waning strength.

The stiffened muscles of the arms revealed the weight they bore; the knotted veins of the temples, the strange pallor about the resolute lips revealed the strain of body and soul under the burden, but in the midst of all, the agonizing fear into which the depths of the eyes seemed frozen was melting under the smile the child's face wore into a look of trust and high endeavor, such as is found only in the faces of those to whose weakness has been revealed the mystery of His strength.

Eagerly the eye watches to see them move on, for the action in the wave-enveloped figure made one sure he would reach the shore. Unconsciously the eye ran on in advance over the great stretch of rocky road; along hill-sides, through ravines to that little sunny gleam of "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood." Unconsciously the spirit of the spectator moved on, inspired by the radiant child-face whose sunny hair made a halo, through the golden gleam of which rose here and there a thorn.

But while the eye in involuntary sympathy with the struggle went on with the struggler toward victory and rest,—back on the shore, half-hidden by a mass of rocks, crouched a female figure seeking shelter from the storm. The face was buried in the open palms, the dress was the coarse robe of a pilgrim. There was nothing but the utter helplessness in the figure to tell its tale of having reached the stream and finding *no one* to carry her across. In the rock above her head was carved a little shrine, and from the shrine a face looked down pityingly upon the prostrate form. The men drew closer and examined this face intently. Yes, there it was, idealized a little, but crowned with no more of saintly sweetness than was hers by right, the face of Patience Thorn.

Rubetta had had a hard battle with her old memories and associations, that would have led her into the weakness of portraiture, and she had resisted it until she came to the little shrine, which she painted as shadowed by the rock and half hidden by the mosses. She had begun by painting an exact copy of the little Gothic case that held the pic-

ture Monteith once gave her of his mother, perhaps with a lurking purpose to copy the face also, and then as she went on her memories beguiled her and she placed within the shrine the picture of her own,—the *only saint* she knew.

The first thought had been to paint her St. Christopher in the attitude Graham had taken at the moment when, bearing her cousin Hugo fainting to his bed, he had cast back to her a glance so full of courage and cheer. But she loved art, and she would not sacrifice it to memory or love. Her Offero was not at all like Gray, nor was her Christ-child like to Hugh, save in a subtle suggestion of spirit, an intangible character that she hardly knew she had made her picture show.

The Academy began to fill with gazers and little groups gathered near and far about the picture, talking in subdued tones of its merits and its faults.

"Such breadth of treatment," said one.

"And such a masterly management of those masses of shadow. Only a close student of nature would have dared throw such a freak of sunlight through a tempest as that in the distance yonder," said another.

"And only a student of *human* nature could have put such a power of character into that stalwart figure. Do you not see the struggle going on within him between his fear that he *can not*, and his faith that he *will* conquer?"

"Yes; but strong as that is," answered the companion of the last speaker, "there is nothing finer in the conception than the passion of utter helpless hopelessness which that prone figure shows. She has gone as far as she can, and there is no one to help her on. That figure stirs all that's chivalric in a fellow. I declare, I feel like picking her up, and plunging in after the old Christopher himself, if, by that means, she could be made to lift her head and give me a glimpse of her eyes.

"Yes, there is something so baffling to curiosity in a hidden countenance. Most of us, artists as we are, would have needed to paint the face to tell the story. She has told it by the attitude alone.

"Yet how it defies and provokes one to pull the hands away. I declare, if it were not for that saintly face above there in the shrine, that says, as plainly as face can say, 'Be patient now and wait,' I should do something desperate."

His companion laughed at the enthusiastic and impulsive speaker, moved on, and a lady's voice, so near that Hugh heard every word, said gently:

"There is nothing about it all to my mind more wonderful than the Christ-child. This is not the usual Cupid clinging to a cross."

"No, no;" came an answer in another tone.

"It's a marvel to me how she ever made so majestic and kingly a child and *kept* him a child; but the prophecy of pain is as clear under the sunny smile as is the thorny crown under the clustering gold of the hair."

"Bless me, one can fairly hear the wind howl down that ravine and the rush of the water."

And the two men heard it all, and uttered never a word to each other. They saw all this, that others saw, and more. *They* knew what inward conflicts *her* tempests typified, what rising waters had nearly overswept her soul, what saintly comfort had cheered her way for a while. They saw where the picture took its somber coloring from her terrors, its brighter gleams from her faith. They did not miss the significance of any thing, not even of the branch of a leafless thorn-tree in a thicket, which she had curved into a circlet, and in the center of which was inscribed the one word, "Una."

So had she written herself one in the midst of the Thorns. They interpreted it all, but neither shared his interpretation with the other; for dearly as they loved each other they each loved her in a way the other could not share. But when at last Gray turned to go, Hugh said in a husky whisper:

"I am going to send you, alone, Gray. It's best for her that we should not both come upon her at once."

Gray felt the generosity of the decision and hesitated, but Hugh turned hastily away. "I shall stay here with this," nodding toward the picture, "until I hear from you again."

"Bless my soul, my dear fellow, why, here you are! Laura told me you would call this morning, and I stayed in as long as I could to see you."

"Your daughter said I must not dare present myself before you," said Monteith, "till I had seen the picture painted by your guest. We were *en route* to your house and stopped here to qualify ourselves before entering," and he presented his friend to Sir William Burt.

A stout, wheezy old gentlemen, very asthmatic, very boisterous, very gracious, and, so all the critics said, very gifted and wise. One would as soon have thought of electing a bull-frog to be the leader of a religious quartet as to have supposed this man to be leader in any æsthetic direction. Yet the brush worked wonders of beauty in those fat, stumpy hands. Those round eyes were among the sharpest in the kingdom for the critic's thankless task, and when that wheezy voice pronounced a judgment on a picture it made or marred the fortune of its maker. Rubetta Thorn was fortunate in having such a master for her friend, though Hugh was a little startled at finding in what a dwelling this highly refined and spiritual and æsthetic soul was passing the time of its sojourn here.

"Well, well! Yes, yes! I see, I see! You wanted to take a peep at the picture, and then you were coming to see me, and hoping to get a look at the fair artist. Well I have saved you the trouble of calling; for here I am."

"But I assure you we wish to see Miss Burt as well, and with your permission I will take my friend down."

"Very sorry, but you will have to content yourselves with me, my friends. And I, unfortunately, have a meeting of an art committee at this very hour. My daughter is out. We both drove to the station with our friend whose picture I am sure you have been enjoying, and my daughter is so inconsolable at loss of her charming society that she told me she should beguile the time till dinner with some friends. She mentioned looking in upon Lady Monteith. Come and dine to-night with us, and we will have one

of our good old talks about pictures. May I expect you and your friend?"

"Not to-night, thanks; I must be away from London before dinner," said Monteith, "I am sorry to fail to see Miss Burt and her friend. Has the Signorina del Spina really left the city?"

"Yes; started for Italy this morning. By this time she is half-way across the channel, and, indeed, we are desolate without her. She is a charming lady, and she *will* be a great artist."

"Is she not that already?" asked Graham, longing to have the old gentleman move on.

"I said 'she will be,'" growled the old man; "she is young; she has made a fine beginning. She will be an artist, unless indeed, some one of these raving young Britons shall persuade her to become an English dame instead. Their heads are turned about her, and I think, old as I am, I would challenge any one of them who won her. He would cheat the world of an artist, I am sure."

They made some playful answer, as men can, and women too, even while the heart is aching with anxious fear or pain, and were glad when he passed on, and they could go.

Out into the open air again, silent still; but when Hugh was in the brougham, and Monteith on the walk, their eyes met.

"To-day?" asked Graham. "Shall we move on to-day?"

And Hugh answered, "Yes, to-day."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

"DRIVE home, James," said Monteith, springing to Hugh's side in the brougham, "and be ready in an hour to take us to Ludgate Hill Station. I want to get the night boat for Calais."

Lady Monteith was out, and a letter was left to tell her her boy was off again on his wanderings, to which she was becoming reconciled; for wearisome as they were to her, she had learned to know they always meant good to some one. And while she read her letter, sitting at luncheon with Laura Burt, who had come to beguile the time, the two travelers were speeding downward to the channel in pursuit of one whose destiny it



seemed to be ever to flee from joy. Swiftly and silently they sped on their way, borne by the flying Dover express train past the shining towers of Sydenham, through the suburbs that led out to a country so fair as to deserve its name of the "Garden of England," through English meads where flocks of sheep grazed peacefully; past pleasant country homes and clean English villages and railway stations covered with climbing vines; flying along the banks of the Medway, and past the cathedral towers of Canterbury, and on, and on, till the white cliffs of Dover shone out upon the sea.

They were never together before when so few words passed between them. They were never so near and yet so far. It could not be long now before they must find her. She could not reach Perugia many hours before them if she went straight on. It was not strange that the certainty after all this doubt and fear kept them wondrous still, only the certainties were not the same to each. Graham was going to certain joy for himself. And Hugo—was it strange that during their midnight passage over the channel he sat on deck and saw again the hydra-head of that terrible temptation to be selfish rise above the horizon of his soul? What man, loving as he did, could get through such a night as this without a fight? Were not his arms open too? Did he not want her for himself? Want her *now* as much as he ever did, as much as if he had never written to Aunt Patience that it was better to give her up?

Perhaps in the long time that had passed she might have learned to think less of Monteith and more of him. Should he love her as well if he found this true—if she could change like that? No; but perhaps that would not be a *change*. It might be that being older, she knew her own heart better. He had often heard Monteith say that it did not matter to him whose child she was—she could be only herself to him. Yet he knew that if it proved that she was Marah's child she would never link her fate with that of any English lord. And Hugh knew that all the proof there was as to that was now in his own hands. Ah, the evil is busy on the sea as well as on the land, and the cast-

out devils dare to haunt the vestibules even of noble souls.

Graham was going to his own sure joy, and it took almost all the time the steamer was pushing through the midnight from England over to France for Hugh to thoroughly believe he was going to *Ruby's* joy. When that was settled there was an end of strife. Did he love so little? was his feeling of so poor and mean a fiber as to render him unwilling to minister to Ruby's joy? Surely, *whatever* came, he was not going to lower his soul to the level of his own scorn.

From Calais to Boulogne, and then in the early morning, in company with a hurrying, sleepy crowd, they took the train for Paris. Up to this time it had been a strange journey, and now they found themselves seated for the five hours' ride in opposite corners of a compartment, the rest of which was occupied by an American family who had missed the tidal boat to Boulogne, and been forced much against their will to take the one to Calais. The whole party was sleepy and cross and hungry; the father uneasy and apprehensive, for this was his introduction into the land where he could not use his native tongue, and he had met with poor success in getting a breakfast for his family in the huge station at Boulogne.

"My daughter has studied French," he said, "and I told her I expected her to prove to me what good it had done her as soon as we were on this side the channel. So she ordered the breakfast for us."

"Now, father, that's too bad; you know you did not give me half a fair chance, for this waiter never ceased to run round the table while I was trying to tell him, and you *would* hold up your fingers and say *four* louder and louder," and the young girl laughed, though her eyes were full of tears of vexation.

Monteith's sympathies were enlisted for her, and Hugh, from his corner, was drawn against his will from the deep of his despondency up to the common-place surface of things.

"The waiters all understand English here, and, indeed, nearly every-where that your tour will lead you; but they are quite will-

ing to let strangers try their French, if they prefer," said Graham.

"Well, we tried ours, and my daughter has had all the advantages of the — Seminary, and we tried to get cold chicken for four, and we did get four cold chickens; and the rascally waiter carved them all, when he knew we had not time to eat one; and more than all that I paid for them all. But I would n't have done it if it had n't been for mother here; she said it was n't worth while to come all the way from home to make a fuss over a hen. If it had not been for her, I would have held out against it."

"What *could* you have done, papa?" broke in the girl; "you only held up four fingers, and said, 'American! American!' and talked broken English, and the waiters did not care for that."

"Ma kept the drumsticks, any way; I saw her," said a large-mouthed boy, with prominent teeth.

"Hush!" said the girl, who disliked to have that told to the strangers over in the corner.

"She did, any way. I saw her whip 'em into a newspaper and into her basket, when you went with pa to see if they cheated in the change. Lemme see, ma. Gi' me a leg."

But the mother bade her darling hush, and taking his head in her lap, his legs, after describing various geometrical figures in the air in near proximity to Hugh's head, finally were doubled up on the cushions, and he soon added his heavy breathing to occasional snores of his father from the opposite side.

Seeing the girl's eyes droop wearily, Hugh proposed to change his seat with her, so that she could lean her head and rest, and this brought him to Monteith's side. The little act of kindness to a tired girl seemed somehow to re-establish his relation to human beings. Until now he had felt so utterly alone. He did not know how to define the difference; he seemed floating still in a sea of icebergs, only now he recognized there were other boats besides his own out in the desolate chill.

Monteith had not forgotten him in his own joy, not once in all this night, only his was one of those rare souls that knew the right

time to let other souls alone. There's a great deal of evangelization done by those who know when to let other people alone, and a great deal of preaching done by people who know when to keep still. When Hugh came to Graham's side the latter held out his hand, and Hugh grasped it, and again they met who for hours had been as really apart as if between them was a great gulf fixed.

Their fellow travellers left them at St. Denis, not till the mother had proved her housewifely forethought by producing the bag and giving the wide-mouthed boy "a leg," much to the disgust of the damsel who told her father in an undertone that "if he wanted French talked at this place he might talk it himself."

When the train rolled into the great northern station Hugh felt as if he had arrived from some other planet, so strange was all the great white city to his unaccustomed gaze, and so strange the journey his thoughts had been making, when compared with the "little run over from London," which had brought his body hither. How often we travel so, our souls making one pilgrimage while the body journeys in quite another direction! And how hard it is to bring the two together at the end. And this was the great, gay Paris, through which he was being whirled. This was the Champs Elysées, wide and white, filled with no lustling Broadway throng, but with drowsy horses and sleepy cabman, with gay little children and nurses in spotless aprons and caps, with a stream of elegant equipages, languidly winding their way toward the Bois de Boulogne. Behind their *fiacre*, half a mile distant rose the Arc de Triomphe; before them, half a mile distant glittered the fountains in the gardens of the Tuileries. They stopped at Meurice's under the Arcade, and from their windows they saw the Palace of the Louvre, which Hugh was glad to see, because somewhere within those galleries Ruby had often sat at work.

But nothing in all the great attractive city made any temptation to linger. They stayed a day, because Monteith insisted that Hugh should rest, and then went on at

night, taking a glimpse of the great, glittering city under its thousands of blazing lights, a new, strange world, on the surface of which the passer sees only gayety and glare.

From Paris to Turin, from Turin to Florence, as they traveled, it was not long or far. It took them over ground where Graham was saying always to himself:

"I shall come here again, and she will be with me then. I will wait till she can enjoy it too."

And Hugh was saying:

"Some day, when my work is done, I will bring Aunt Patience here, and we will go over together all the ground where my Uncle Robert strayed."

Yet no gleam of Alpine summits, no mediæval ruins, no bits of provincial life one side the mountains or the other, proved any temptation for them to linger now.

From Florence on to Perugia, up the valley of the Arno. Every body knows how fair a journey this—hours among the olives and the vineyards or in the mulberry trees, where the vines stretch, heavy with their golden burden, across from tree to tree. Through the strange old towns, some of which, like Arezzo and Cortona, date back to the Etruscan times; places where the antiquary or the art student might linger among old fragments of walls and broken tombs; or in churches and convents, on whose time-stained walls still hang the work of men like Signorelli and Luca della Robbia and Nisari, or sculptures from Benvenuto, and John of Pisa. High up among the hills, surrounded by its groves of oaks and pines, lies the Lake of Trasymene, and every mile of the winding way offered something to turn their minds from Perugia. But they saw that city from afar, sitting serene upon the hill-top as upon a throne, smiling down upon the wonderful picture below, as if graciously accepting what Italy laid at her feet. And as the travelers left the train, and taking the nearest carriage, began to ascend the smooth, white road to the town, it seemed as if Italy had thought nothing too fair or too great to bring. The hills spread from her feet to the far horizon, miles on miles like the billows of an in-

coming sea, rolling on to lay its treasures down. And there on the height the ancient city sat, as if waiting for these mountain waves to bring her lost glories back. It was no wonder, they thought, as their eyes ran over the inspiring picture, that the artists loved to linger here, for such a sweep of sky as that must reveal in its varying aspects, all mysterious moods of storms, all hues of glowing mornings or of cloudless eves, and all the changing atmospheric charms. To be up here, with such a world of beauty spread below, to a lover of nature must be inspiration enough. And when the eye and the pencil tire of the landscape, within there is every thing to take one out of one's weary present into an exhilarating past.

Portions of the old walls that surrounded the city in days when it was a member of the Etruscan league are standing still. Down under the hill are the old Etruscan tombs, filled with the lamps and the armor and the weapons of centuries ago, and the dim light of tapers reveals the heads of owls and dolphins and dragons and gorgons in the decorations of the walls. Sea nymphs and griffins rise from the basin of the great fountain. There is a gloomy old Roman and Gothic cathedral. There is no end of bronzes and urns and coins and manuscripts, in museums and out of them, to delight the soul of the student. And add to these the sculptured tombs of popes and bishops, the carved altars and the painted miracles and saints to be found in more than one hundred churches, monasteries, and oratories. Remember that here, of all places, one may study the work of the great Perugino, the master of the greater Raphael, and the question of why the artists should choose it as a Summer home will need no spoken answer. Graham and Hugh may have known in what its charms consisted before they came; doubtless they did, though I question if the guide-book seemed important to them on the occasion of this visit.

True it is, they were not to be beguiled by any persuasions of the man whose horses took them up the hill to go and see any thing under the sun.

"Drive to the Rubetti Villa," said Hugh,

"at once, and we will talk about the town another time."

"Don't think many of the artists have come yet. Would the gentlemen like to engage an apartment? Should they call at the house of agent?"

"No, no; drive on, drive on!"

And the fellow said "Si, signore," distressed that his stock in trade, his facts about the town, which sometimes saved the tourists the need of a *valet de place*, should seem so utterly thrown away.

Before he recovered from his astonishment they were there. Hugh knew the place as soon as he could see the gate with its bronze statues holding in their outstretched hands the swinging lamp. Under the arch the bronze arms made they passed, and he almost expected to see the lithe-limbed little darkey drop from the limb of a tree and run to close the gate. A curve of road, not as long as the Sycamore Avenue, brought them to the door. There it stood, an old stone dwelling, half mansion and half castle, as like the Southern villa as it well could be. Here was Robert's balcony, here was the octagon tower, and Hugh involuntarily lifted his eyes to the little alcove room, corresponding to the one in which Rubetta's cradle used to stand in the sun.

Some effort at modernizing showed in the vestibule. There hung the little list of the names of the occupants, and out from her little room hobbled a neat-looking old woman who acted as *concierge*.

Gray's finger was on the list.

"Signore Baume?"

"Si, Signore, Secondo piano," and she gave the bell a pull, at the same time motioning the gentlemen to ascend the stair.

It was a trying moment to both, and at the first landing, Hugh stopped.

"You go on, Gray. I will go down in the garden. It is not right for us to startle her by both going to her at once."

And Gray went on.

The old woman sat under the shadow of the *porte cochere*, and smiled as Hugh came down. He turned to the list of names.

"La Signorina del Spina. Is she here?" he asked, pointing to the name.

"No, no; not yet," she answered, shaking her head. "Madame Baume tells me she is in London."

Sick at heart, with a strange, dizzy sense of disappointment he almost staggered from the old woman's presence and found a seat in an arbor near where he could watch the door. He had been so sure of finding her; but what right had he to be so sure? Why was he overwhelmed as if he had found her and lost her again? What harm could have come to her? What more natural than that she should have journeyed slowly? They had probably passed her on the road. Still, comfort himself as he might, he could hardly control his agitation until his friend came down. He started at last to ascend the stairs and a door closed above with a clang, and he heard Graham's step descending. They met where they had parted, and and Graham grasped Hugh's cold hands in his own.

"Well, what is it? Where is my cousin?"

"Gone; or rather she has not come, and is not coming."

Hugh made no answer; but his head drooped and Graham felt the hands tremble.

"Come out into the air, brother," he said, tenderly. "Dear fellow, it is too hard for you; but keep heart, we will find her yet."

They went back to the same seat. The old woman gave them a reproachful glance, they had forgotten her *buona mano*.

A shade was lifted from one of the windows in the tower, and Frau Baume's kindly face looked out—to speed her parting guest with a smile. She saw that he had a companion, and that he seemed weary—and before they were ready to go she had made her little cup of coffee and came tripping down the gravel walk with it in her own hand. Monteith had not explained their errand, having learned all he wished without it. She did not know that she owed the visit to any thing beyond the interest in the artist who had painted the Sibyl; but her kind, old heart had prompted her to do a very opportune thing. Her genial, motherly face was better for Hugh than the comforting beverage she brought. It did him good to see one who had cared for Ruby as Aunt Patience



would have done. Her husband would be heart-broken she said. He was still hard at work on a picture near Naples, or he might even now have come as far north as Rome. She was watching for a letter by each post. She had come on before to prepare the Summer home for him and the dear Signorina. And the beloved Signorina, of whom they were so fond and so proud, was not to come from London to Perugia, but to come by sea from Marseilles to Naples, and the professor was to await her there or in Rome. They had written her that it had been so arranged when Professor Baume left the Signorina in London.

They controlled the impatience that would have plied her with questions, and the dear old soul, only too glad to have some one to whom to talk of her absent ones, told them every thing she knew.

"They must not stay in Naples after the days are warm, you know; and when our Una took a fancy to go to London they were both at work on pictures near there, which they left unfinished. My husband was obliged to return to his work, and the fraulein was to go back to hers. I can not say when they will come to me."

"What is she painting, now?" asked Hugh.

"The interior of an old convent chapel near Amalfi."

"The Rubetti chapel?" asked Hugh, forgetting himself for a moment in his memory of Uncle Robert.

"Yes; the same family that owns the villa. The dear girl thinks there is Italian blood in her family, and I sometimes fancy she thinks she may be related to this one. Her name is like it somewhat. She is called Rubetta."

"But her pictures are signed 'Una,'" said Gray.

"Yes; she is our *only* one. She has been so long with us that we love her like our own. Once we had a little daughter, and she died. We named her Una, and we have given the Signorina the dearest name we know."

"But has she no family of her own, that she should fancy herself a Rubetti?" asked

Hugh, desirous of gaining some clew to Ruby's feelings toward the Thorns.

"She was in the care of an uncle, who allowed her to come abroad as the professor's pupil; but we have since felt he must have been glad to be rid of her. He could not have loved her."

"How do you know that?" said Hugh. "Does *she* think that?"

"I do not know her thoughts. She says nothing. I only know they send her no letters, and they have never come to see her. Even the cousin who lived and died in London never came to her, and if we could have prevented it we would never have allowed her to go to find them. But she would go, and alas, we had no right to keep her."

"It was very good of her, I am sure," said Gray.

"Good? She is far too good for that American race whose name she bears. I only wish she did belong to the Rubetti. They at least know how to value and love her."

"But they are all gone. Who remains to love her there?"

"Yes, all gone but one old nun, the Lady Superior of the convent. She is very good and very wise, and one who loves is better than many who forget."

"Then the old nun does love her?" asked Hugh.

"Indeed, she does, how could she help it?" answered the old woman tenderly.

"But how did she come to know her?" asked Graham, full of interest in the story that was not all new to Hugh.

"Why, she was very sad for a long time after we came out, and our hearts ached all the time for her; but while the professor wanted her to work and be great, I wanted her to smile and be glad. She grew better in Rome; but after mein Herman went to Ischia and to Sorrento she grew quite gay. She said it was like going 'home again, for her father had told her all about the beautiful shore and the sea.' And wherever she chose to go, there we took her, and she had a fancy to make a picture of this old convent on the cliff. It is in the studio

now, if you will come in and see it. And then she would go into the convent; and the sisters would love to have her come, but they would not let my poor little husband in. So he was very cross and would not have her go; but she began to paint pictures of the court and the church, and ever since she has had a sort of studio there, and goes and comes when she will."

"And they are all good to her?"

"Oh yes, the nuns love her, and they say that 'when she is there she laughs and sings and is a child to them all, and makes their old hearts young.'"

"Then she is really happy there?" said Hugh gently. "I am glad of that."

"She does not stay long at a time, but she loves the stillness and the peace and the protection of it all. She says she can paint better there, and she must stay there now until the picture is done," and the old woman ended with a sigh.

"That is hard for you, is it not?" said Graham, rising to leave. "Thank you, for all your interesting story. It will make us all the more anxious to find the Herr Professor, for we shall want to see your *protégée* as well."

She told him where to look in Rome, and showed them the convent picture, and would have talked on regardless of time if they had not hastened away for the very next train. She shared the coachman's surprise that any one could come to Perugia and go away having seen not one church or picture or tomb; but then they came to see *her* professor, and surely there was nothing in Perugia when he was gone.

They comforted each other as well as two disappointed men could as they journeyed on. The moon was up before the train swept down from the mountains, and over the desolate tomb-strewn campagna across whose wastes the aqueducts stretched their gray and ghostly line; while, in the moonlight, high above the sleeping city, beyond the Tiber's bank they saw the dome of St. Peter's rise; and the strange and solemn pilgrim sense that is only stronger when one halts in sight of Jerusalem itself swept over them as they entered the gates of Rome.

They felt it, each in his way, yet not alike. Graham whispered softly, "Oh what would this sight have been to us if only we had found her."

And Hugh replied, "I fear we should hardly have been willing to turn our eyes from her face for any scene over which hangs a cross." And he pointed to the one hanging in the blue air above St. Peter's dome.

They parted in the morning to meet in time for the Naples train, Graham to ascertain if those they sought were yet in Rome, and Hugh to take one look at places that had haunted his imagination ever since he was a child. There would be four hours or more. If Gray found her, four hours would soon pass, and they would not miss him, and he could wait. If she was not there, then they could again move on.

He wanted to be alone in the mighty city, all alone with his thoughts. As the knights of old kept vigil with their own souls, alone through the midnight in the chapels where lay entombed the warriors of their race, so he wanted to stand by the graves of his dead hopes, and see if his soul had courage to meet itself in the silence and darkness alone. If he could bear the specters conjured by his own thoughts, he could bear whatever else might come.

So all alone he trod the aisles of St. Peter's. All alone he stood with uncovered head in the gloom of the Pantheon. All alone he looked in at the arena of the Coliseum, and strolled down among the broken columns of the forum, and at last rested in the cool stillness of the porch of St. John Lateran. He did not linger anywhere to see, to study, and to understand. He had been busy all his life with the wants and woes of other people, he was very busy to-day with *himself*. He could not bear to be still, so he drove from place to place and walked about in his unrest, never for a moment able to lose the consciousness of pain. He entered the old Lateran Basilica, and strayed on between the rows of colossal statues of apostles towering high above his head and making him feel like a very little child in their midst. He saw the people kneeling at

the confessionals, he heard the beggars whining at their prayers, holding one hand for a coin and slipping the beads lightly through the fingers of the other, and he knew that while their eyes were lifted devoutly to the painted face of some saint, their ears were bent to catch the footfall of the stranger. He walked through it all as in a dream. The names were all familiar, the places were those he had always longed to see, but over his spirit had dropped some strange apathetic spell. The slight sound of his own step on the marble floor seemed far away and unreal to him. He had walked the entire length of the church and stood leaning against the railing of the Corsini Chapel, gazing vaguely at its wealth of costly marbles inlaid with precious stones, when a custodian, in black velvet skull-cap, scenting a fee afar, opened the gate and beckoned him to come in. He entered in a weary purposeless way, and after a few moments of listless gazing the custodian pointed to a door showing a flight of winding steps leading to a dim chapel beneath the one above.

"There is where the family are buried," he said, "and there is a wonderful Pieta in marble. It is not yet lifted to its pedestal, nor is it open to the public; but the signore can see it if he will."

Hugh mechanically began to descend the steps, and seating himself at the bottom, his eyes soon became accustomed to the soft light of dim lamps swinging from the ceiling. The air was cool, the walls were a soft, stone-like gray, and Hugh felt as if he were in a tomb, but the custodian bustled about, turned the light so that a soft, golden glow suffused the place. At one side rose a marble pedestal that resembled a sarcophagus waiting for its dead, and below this on the ground Hugh saw the outline of human figures beneath a heavy sheet. Little given to superstition, yet a strange, solemn sense of the presence of death oppressed his senses, and he would have turned to leave the place had not the old man suddenly lifted the covering, revealing the figure of the dead Christ reclining on the breast of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows.

Very free from the mere sentiment of religious feeling, and ordinarily uninfluenced by any of the subtle appeals it makes to the imagination, he could not help feeling powerfully this sudden coming from the upper world of warmth and light into the presence of this wondrous semblance of death. The sad, majestic face, with its strange mingling of tenderness and repose, the union in expression of "Father, forgive them" and "It is finished," touched him as if down through the ages he heard the uttered words. And in his own sense of weary disappointment he felt as he fancied they must who saw their high hopes laid in the Arimathean's tomb. Was it true that hope and joy were gone out of the earth? that there was nothing worth living for more? Was it true that the Christ was dead? He leaned his head on his hand, and gazed and thought, his eyes turning from the grand and kingly face to the drooping hand in which the lines of the veins were broken by a cruel wound in the palm. How still it lay now that its work was done! Why could not he be still too? Was it always to be thus? Over and over again was his battle to be renewed? Was he never going to be able to conquer himself, to let his own life go, if need be, that the others might be glad? What was this wild, fierce something in him that every time he let go his hold of Ruby sprang up again stronger than ever? What was it that made him afraid to meet her, lest he claim her even against his will? Was there no giving her up once for all? The old man grew impatient. It was cold below there, and he shifted the light as a sign that it was time to go. It flickered a moment letting a shadow fall upon the sculptured face. Hugh started up and moved toward the figure as if he would save it from the darkness, and at that instant the light flashed forth again and touched the face, revealing a triumphant sweetness of expression, a gleam of victory and power, such as he had not from the distance seen. He stood and gazed, feeling the might of genius that could thus catch and fix a glory of surrender such as must in the dread hour have shone on the face of the Master. He even touched the pierced

hand, and when the man drew near to cover the marble from the dust, Hugh lifted one end of the cloth and they laid it gently down. Never before had any thing from the hand of man brought to him the message of his God; but he climbed the stairway to the light with a burden less than he took down. He had worshiped no graven image, he had neither left his sorrow nor received his inspiration from a marble hand, but he had realized that even a man's imagination may be the gift of God, and having his ears opened to hear, he had heard one of the "sermons in stones" that art is preaching all the time.

The dear Christ dead? Why, what could he have been thinking about? He came up to the light. He stood under the columns of the portico and uncovered his head and let the warm breeze touch his forehead and toss his hair. A few people were creeping lazily on their knees up Pilate's Staircase. He could see them through the open door of the chapel across the square. The beggars who had been waiting for him to come out came from the side entrance and the baptistery gate around to the porch where he stood—the blind old men, and the mothers with little children clinging to their gowns, and ragged, bare-footed boys with eyes that were soft as a poem or a psalm. A carriage filled with tourists went by, going to the Villa Madama. A party of peasants in the familiar Roman costumes sat to

rest on the steps before starting for their homes on the Campagna. A cart went by, drawn by great white oxen, laden with empty wine casks, on the top of which the driver rode lying on his face with his sandaled feet swinging in the air. Above was the great blue, bending arch of the sky; away over the billowy stretch of Campagna he could see the ruined aqueducts again; beyond them rose the Alban Hills, clasping to their breasts the white villages of Tivoli and Tracati. The houses straggled down the slopes and made him think of a brown peasant mother over whose form fell the white robe of her babe. All was peaceful, yet all was *alive*, and with a keen, new sense of gratitude Hugh Thorn felt how all life was of God, and how in a sweet, mysterious sense it was "hidden with Christ in God," and that there was no death to those who lived in him, and no life that was worth having that was not a part of the life in him. There was nothing new in his his consciousness of him—a deepening of the old consciousness, that he could not have his life filled with the life of Christ and have much room for himself at the same time; that the King he worshiped was too regnant to share his throne.

He went back strangely rested and at peace with himself. It was the simple old story, as old as Calvary, over again, of the voluntary surrender of self.

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#### IMPOTENCE OF TIME.

THOU shalt not rob me, thievish Time,  
Of all my blessings, all my joy!  
I have some jewels in my heart  
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayst denude my arm of strength,  
And leave my temples seamed and bare,  
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,  
And scatter silver o'er my hair;

But never, while a book remains,  
And breathes a woman or a child,  
Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,  
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never while the earth is fair,  
And reason keeps its dial bright,  
Whate'er thy robberies, O Time!  
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories o'er my frame,  
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—  
That though the limbs may faint and fail,  
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not;  
Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine.  
My jewels shall belong to me—  
'T is but the settings that are thine.



## THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF THEISM.

SCIENCE has only one way of arriving at the idea of God and of proving his existence, namely, by reasoning from the universe to its original cause. The unity, coherence, and correlation of all the component parts of the universe lend to this process of reasoning its entire force. Perception shows us, in the first place, an indefinite number of single things and processes. Our understanding recognizes in this manifold variety a strict order. The phenomena of nature are classified in certain groups, partly according to their similarity and partly according to their regular connections. These groups notwithstanding their diversity are linked with each other in space, time, and conception. The understanding observes that according to unchangeable laws, on similar conditions similar results invariably follow; and reflection finds the reason of this regularity only in the presence of causes by whose co-operation these things are produced with natural necessity. The connection and coherence of all that is has no limit as far as our observation extends. The most distant celestial bodies are bound to our planet by the interacting power of gravitation; they are not only subject to the same laws, but form with it parts of the same all-comprising system. From the particles of vapor, which high up in the heavens evade the determining inspection of the strongest telescope, proceed undulations of light affecting our eyes in the same manner as the rays coming from the lamp which illuminates our table. The lines which the rays of sunlight and of starlight cast upon the spectrum reveal to the mind of the experimenter the identity of the matter composing those heavenly bodies with the elements which make up the earth. The present condition of our earth is the result of all the changes which it has undergone since its formation. The coal which heats our engines, the iron we use in building them, are the inheritance of cycles whose number and extent even the boldest enu-

meration will not undertake to determine. The creation and origin of our globe is but a link in the chain of cosmic processes which have called our whole solar system into being. However far we reach out in space, however far we go back in time, we find ever some connection uniting that which is remotest with that which is nearest; we find every-where laws of general and all-grasping validity comprising all that is and was in one universe. Our intellectual life is no exception to this rule. We can not, it is true, derive it from material causes; but we are not, for that reason, insensible to the intimate connection, the continuous and pregnant relationship between the mind and the bodily organism, by which the former is brought into contact with the entire world of matter. And it is not our observation alone which shows the connection of all that is; for it is impossible in thought to conceive of any thing which is excepted from the whole. It would be a contradiction to designate something as real for which the universal conditions of existence should not hold good, to which could not be applied the notions in consonance with which alone objects can be thought. It is impossible that there should be things possessing contradictory qualities, or subject to causeless changes, that there be bodies taking up no space or exempt from the universal mathematical and mechanical laws. It must, therefore, be conceded that all that really exists is subject without exception to certain common laws.

And if this be true, then all must spring from common causes or from a single common cause; for the uniformity of occurrence, whose expression is the law, is to be explained, as we shall soon see, only on the principle that it is the nature of these working causes to operate in this particular manner. If all which is and happens can be traced back to the same causes, all is united thereby into an harmonious whole; and even when we assume the existence of several world-systems, among which there is no

direct reaction or interaction, of which our system clear to the uttermost limit of heaven is only a single part, we still have no right to speak of *several worlds*. For all those systems together would present only the sum of the effects, which, of necessity, proceed from the sum of the causes. Each of them would be, therefore, an integral part of the whole, as such, conditioned by all the others in its own peculiarity, because each can consist only of that material which has not been consumed for the others. We have not, however, for such an assumption the slightest actual occasion, nor can we ever have any; for every observation which might show us the traces of another world beyond our own would immediately in itself contradict the supposition that this world was absolutely separated from our own and incapable of acting upon it. If further the power of attraction and repulsion be properly considered the fundamental or characteristic quality of all matter, the idea is immediately excluded that there can be systems made up of bodies standing in no relation of reciprocal influence, and all the worlds which we are disposed to presume are reduced down to one comprehensive universe. If the sum of all things forms a whole, this totality can then be finally referred to but one single cause. When we perceive in a greater or lesser series of phenomena certain common qualities, or when we observe that under similar circumstances similar results always ensue, we look for the reason of this uniformity of being and event in laws governing the department in question, and as this department extends and becomes more comprehensive these laws broaden into general laws of nature and the universe. What is now the significance of this expression? Do we merely assert the fact, that in all cases hitherto observed an unvaried experience has shown us this definite linking of the phenomena, this determinate manner of their co-existence or their succession? Such is not our opinion. As a statute does not merely declare how men in their legal relations really act, but rather how they are to act; so the laws of nature do not proclaim merely what occurs in a given case; but

with this idea is linked another, the idea of the necessity of events, the assertion that on the given conditions these results and no others must have followed, and that they will follow always and every-where, when the same conditions are present, and their effect is not disturbed by the influence of other factors. The nature of our thinking forces us to this assumption, since we are compelled to connect our thoughts in the relation of cause and consequence. We must place, therefore, the things and processes toward which our thoughts are directed, not only in the external relationship of contemporaneity or succession, but in that inner relationship which the senses can never detect,—that of causal connection in contradistinction to mere co-existence. However true it is that experience alone leads us to a knowledge of the laws of nature, yet this conception transcends simple experience and that which is therein given. We obtain it, in that we complete what is given in experience according to a universal *a priori* necessity of our thinking, with the idea of its inner connection. And the test of experience proves also that this act of completion is not an arbitrary exercise of our intellectual faculties, that it is not merely we who bring the thought of such a connection into the world, but that the different parts of the world and the changes which occur in it are all interdependent. If no such connection existed between them, then would the calculations, expectations, and experiments which suppose its existence be continually contradicted by the facts; like those erroneous assumptions and superstitious fancies which presume a connection between things having in truth nothing to do with each other. Then would the calculations of a mechanic about the work of a machine be no more reliable than the divination of an astrologer respecting the influence of the stars on the career of a new-born infant; and the judgment of a physician about the state of the health of one whom he had examined would have no better foundation than the solicitude of a superstitious person who had sat with him at the table in a company of thirteen. If, however, experience confirm the expectations

which we form on the basis of correctly investigated laws of nature, if the eclipses of the sun and moon always occur exactly at the time and in the manner predicted by the astronomer, this proves evidently that they are founded and determined in the nature of things, that they express not imaginary but real connections.

Every connection is, however, a causal relation. When we say that two phenomena are connected with each other, we mean that there is a certain principle of causation from which their connected occurrence results, so that wherever one is given the other is sure to be; that this thing or event always precedes some other, or is contemporaneous with it; that a definite alteration in one phenomenon corresponds to a definite alteration in the other.

This causal connection is, however, subject in its essential constitution to various modifications; one thing or event may be the immediate cause of the second, or both may be joined together by their common dependence on a third. The cause may be inherent or extraneous, immanent or adventitious,—it may be the constant condition of the result's subsistence, or it may have given an impulse to the origin or change of the thing in question. The effect may be closely or remotely connected with the cause, may be partly or wholly produced by it, may be brought about by it directly or only indirectly through the removal of obstacles which hinder the operation of other causes. But some sort of causality must be presumed wherever we meet that regular linking together of phenomena to which all natural laws refer, and on the perception of which rests the assumption of the existence of such laws. For if every thing in the world must have its reason, so must this regularity in the course of nature have its reason, and we are to seek for it only in causes whose essential quality it is to act always in this particular manner. Every law of nature points, therefore, to certain causes which operate according to an inherent necessity and consequently with that regularity which experience reveals. The regular course of phenomena according to

well-defined laws can be derived only from the constitution of that causation whose production these phenomena are.

These causes present a multiplicity of special forces and forms of matter. We assume as many sorts of matter as we find classes of bodies agreeing with one another as to certain qualities, yet differing from all other substances. When, on the other hand, we perceive certain peculiar effects repeating themselves continually in the same manner, we consider them as the outgrowth of a force whose nature determines and compels this sort of operation, whether we regard this force as inherent in matter, or as something independent and incorporeal. But all these sorts of matter and all these forces are connected with each other; they act upon each other according to definite laws, and out of their co-operation proceeds a well-ordered whole embracing a countless multitude of beings, an inexhaustible wealth of life, mind, and reason. How is this fact to be explained? Are we to suppose that the primary order of nature provides a plurality of elements, or elementary materials, each of which possesses its own peculiar mode of action, and which spring from no deeper or common source? Or is it better to seek this source in matter in the abstract, to which only the common properties of all bodies are to be ascribed, whereby the particular stuffs and qualitative differences which are evident to our sensation, must be explained by assuming that the smallest portions of matter, the atoms, enter into the most varied combinations and relations according to strict laws? May we not, perhaps, hope better to comprehend the phenomena, especially the process of motion and the connection between the intellectual and bodily life, when we suppose that matter in the abstract is also mere phenomenon, while that which is real, on the other hand, and which underlies every thing, consists in simple and incorporeal essences, from whose association and interaction space and space-filling matter first produced themselves? Whichever of these suppositions we incline to, however we may develop them or substitute others for them, as long as we start

with a plurality of original essences, the question always arises how these primitive essences, these elements, these atoms, these monads, became correlated, if they have not been so circumstanced from the beginning; and how the world, especially our world, could spring from them, if they did not proceed from one and the same cause, if they be not held together and directed by one and the same power. We are referred to natural laws, which they all obey and according to which the special operations are determined whose total result is the world. But this does not answer the question; it simply removes it one step further back. There is of course no doubt that the sum of the phenomena proceeds of necessity from the sum of their causes, and that any one perfectly acquainted with the elements of things with all their qualities and laws of operation, competent also to calculate, at the same time, all possible combinations of these elements, could comprehend the whole world as a natural product, could explain all things corporeal on mechanical principles, and all things real according to natural law. But the question is, how this harmony of natural law, this co-operation of all the forces, is to be comprehended; and to this question there is no answer save the one indicated above.

We can not in general understand how things that have nothing in common can act upon each other, since, in such a case, there can be no point of contact, and there is no reason why a change in the one should induce a change in the other. If, however, they have something in common through which their interaction is conditioned, that which they thus jointly possess is their essence, their substratum, their substance, the modification of which produces the particular things themselves. If, therefore, all parts of the world stand to each other in a relation of reciprocal influence, this implies that they are in some respects of one nature and essence, however much they may differ in others; and this is explicable only on the ground that in the end they all spring from one and the same cause. This becomes still more evident when we recollect that in this we are considering not merely a reciprocal

influence, but an ordered co-operation of all things regulated even to the smallest details by immutable laws, an harmonious working, from which proceeds this infinitely rich, well-balanced, and perfect whole we call the world. If that which forms the final basis of the world consists of a plurality or of an infinite multiplicity of elements or forces, of atoms or monads standing in no original alliance with each other and equally independent of any third cause, it is difficult to conceive, as above remarked, how they could enter into a relation of mutual influence. If, however, we should admit this theory, still no integral whole could result from the action and influence of these constituent parts upon each other. For since each one of these ultimate essences worked according to its own nature, unconditioned in its constitution by any relation to the others, it would be purely accidental whether and how far the workings of one corresponded with the workings of the others, ignored them, supplemented, or uselessly repeated them, assisted or disturbed them. But when we find that all forces which operate in the world stand in a certain and constant relationship, maintaining an original and steady equilibrium, and that consequently all their effects unite in a perfect and harmonious whole, this implies that they all are but the various manifestations of one and the same force, comprehending and sustaining all things. For the measure and direction of each force can only then be determined so as to correspond with its relation to all others, when all issue from a common root, when they are designed for each other by an intelligence acting with a purpose, or when they spring from some original force by an inherent and absolute necessity, without the interposition of any agency having an express purpose in view.

This final force, this primary basis of all being, is not, however, to be found in matter. That would be impossible not only in the case where we understand matter to be an inert and dead mass, to which the activity of a world-creating God imparts motion, and, in so doing, communicates all difference, connection, and formation to its



parts; but the same would appear even should we assume that matter has been moved from all eternity by forces inherent in it. For these forces would be mechanical only; they might produce movements in space, and thereby that partition and arrangement of material upon which the manifold variety of external existence rests. How they are to produce the phenomena of consciousness, how transform the mechanical movements of our brain, or of single parts thereof, into ideas, sensations, and acts of the will—how we are to derive our whole mental and moral life from mere motory processes is inconceivable. Not only has it never been shown to be a possibility, but the contrary may be incontestably demonstrated. For all the phenomena of consciousness are based upon the reduction of a manifold somewhat to the unity of sensation, of feeling, of idea, of resolve. They all presuppose the integral subject in which and through which, they are accomplished, the self or the *ego*, as is seen most clearly in self-consciousness. A body, on the contrary, however small, and even though it be physically indivisible, like the supposed atoms of Democritus, consists still of many parts, separated in space, which again consist of such parts, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Such a body, therefore, can not in its very nature, be the subject of processes which are only to be conceived as the activities of a strictly integral entity. To common and uncritical empiricism the world of matter appears as the one whose reality is most indubitably established, the corporeal substance as the steadfast basis of all being. But reflection on the manner in which we gain the idea of matter, of the space-filling mass, forces us to the confession, that to our contemplation is manifest in the first instance only the appearance of the corporeal, merely its external aspect; while matter, on the other hand, signifies a real, and to us extraneous, somewhat, from whose action upon our senses we derive this phenomenon. So that the idea of matter is, scientifically speaking, a mere hypothesis—an auxiliary idea, which we form for the explanation of certain phenomena.

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However much justification we may have for this idea, it were still extremely precipitate, should we, because the phenomena of the outer world point in that direction, maintain that the phenomena of consciousness are to be referred to the same source. And however little we may doubt that our perception is directed toward bodies which, independent of our conception, exist as something real aside from ourselves, that space and the space-filling mass are objectively real, it does not in the slightest follow that it is the final reality and not itself the product of remoter causes. But rather, since occupation of space is to be comprehended only as an effect of the power of resistance, by means of which the space-filling body excludes from or prevents the intrusion of another into its space; since also the attraction of matter implies a power of attraction, and motion presupposes a motive power, which must be original like the substance in which they inhere; and, finally, since it is absolutely impossible to reconcile the unity of consciousness with the supposition that the phenomena of consciousness are mere functions of a corporeal organism, that the integral has proceeded from the composite, while no scientific impossibility stands in the way of the contrary assumption, namely, the derivation of the composite from the simple, the material from the immaterial, we can only conclude that not matter, but something immaterial is that primal cause of all being which is implied by the integral connection and ordered combination of all parts of the universe.

How we are to effect the limitation of this principle we can not now determine. If it be the cause of all things it must also be the force which produces all things; if it be the original and integral cause, then we must think this force is an all-comprehensive, omnipotent, and absolute one. If the world of matter and of consciousness is derived from this cause, every thing in fact which gives value to the life of man, and every thing which we must suppose to be present and similar at other points of the immeasurable whole of which our dwelling-place is an atom, the capacity to recognize

truth, and to will the right, the power of artistic production, and the sense of the beautiful, we must so determine our idea of it that the source of all these faculties may dwell in it, that all these effects may result as a natural consequence from its infinite perfection. If we attempt, however, to obtain a tangible conception of this perfection the only analogy which we can follow, that of the human mind, soon deserts us. And although it is easy to purify the idea of God from incompatible notions it is extremely difficult to substitute others not open to any possible objection.

Reflections of this sort lead scientific investigation to the idea of God. In carrying them out they may be modified and refined in a variety of ways; but according to their general character they must always move in the designated direction, as soon as we acknowledge that we arrive at this idea as we arrive at all others—that is through the experience. The belief in God is to be based scientifically only on the ground that the world as a whole requires an original and integral cause, and we can include in our conception of this cause only that which results from such a premise.

### THE DUNMORE INDIAN WAR.

IN the November number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, in the narration of the story of "Logan, the Mingo Chief," allusion was made to the contest between the Indians of the valley of the Ohio and the bad whites who originally settled there, which followed the outrages which some of the latter had inflicted on the unsuspecting families of the Indians who occupied that portion of the country; but it was not possible, at that time, to devote the space to that subject which it necessarily required. To complete the story a further chapter of that history will now be given.

The outrages on the Indians committed by the land-speculators of that time and by the few who had settled then in the valley of the Ohio River were quickly followed by retaliatory aggressions by the Indians; and, of course, the blow did not always fall on those only who were entitled to receive it.

But before the actual opening of hostilities, and while the savages were yet reeling under the blows already inflicted on them while they were least expecting them and before they could raise their hands for their own protection,—the authors of the wrongs eagerly sent an express to Williamsburg, the seat of the government of Colonial Virginia, "communicating intelligence of the uneasiness of the Indians, under their unprovoked wrongs, and of the evident certainty

of the commencement of an Indian war at an early day, and appealing for protection."

When the express from the frontiers reached the capital, the General Assembly of the Colony was in session; and there was no delay in securing either the requisite authority or the necessary means, not only for the effectual protection of the settlers on the territory which the Indians occupied, but for the equally effective suppression of any general uprising among the Indians which might be attempted.

For the purpose of immediate protection, preliminary to the more formal movement, authority was given to Major Angus M'Donald to raise, with as little delay as possible, four or five hundred men, and with that force he was ordered to throw himself between the Indians and the settlements. At the same time, the Earl of Dunmore, who was then the Governor of the Colony of Virginia, assisted by the veteran General Andrew Lewis, of Botetourt County, planned a more formal campaign for the effectual subjugation of the Indians.

The plan of the proposed campaign was that General Lewis should raise four regiments of militia and volunteers in the southern counties of the Colony, with his rendezvous at Camp Union, in Greenbrier County; while Governor Dunmore was to raise a similar force in the northern counties

and to the westward of the mountains, with his rendezvous at Fort Pitt. The two armies were then to move to Point Pleasant, at the junction of the Great Kanawha with the Ohio, from which place, as a base, they were to move into the Indian country and destroy as many of the Indian villages as they could reach during the remainder of the season.

In the mean time, while the frontiers-men and the Colonial authorities of Virginia were thus preparing for war and planning their campaign, their active enemy was not idle, and no one was spared, whom the indignant Indians; intent on retaliation for wrongs inflicted on their kinsmen, could possibly reach.

The Shawnees were the first as a tribe to take up the hatchet; but they were very soon joined by warriors from others of the northern and western tribes; and the threatened confederation of those powerful nations portended a protracted and ruinous war.

Major M'Donald appears to have been very successful in the organization of his command, having among his Captains Daniel Morgan, James Wood, and the notorious author of the war, Michael Cresap; and by the close of June he was at the head of upwards of four hundred men at Wheeling Creek, the appointed place of rendezvous.

When Major M'Donald reached Wheeling Creek he found that the Indians had not appeared in any considerable numbers on the left bank of the Ohio; and he determined to abandon the defensive operations which the general orders under which he acted had directed him to carry on, and to assume an aggressive policy, and invade the Indian country on the opposite side of the river.

Accordingly he embarked his men on whatever he could find adapted to that purpose, and descended the river to the mouth of Captina Creek, in what is now Belmont County, Ohio, where he landed, and thence, under the guidance of Jonathan Zane, Thomas Nicholson and Tady Kelly, he marched by the shortest route to the Wapatomica village, on the Muskingum River, about sixteen miles below the present town of Coshocton.

When the head of the column had reached a point within six miles of the village a vigorous fire was opened on it from forty or fifty Indians who had been skillfully ambuscaded. Captain Wood's Company, which led the column, was compelled to fall back; but Captain Morgan's Company promptly supported it; and the Indians were speedily driven from their hiding places, when they fell back on their village, leaving one of their number killed, and several of them wounded. The loss of the whites was two killed, and eight wounded.

With greater circumspection than had previously been exercised, the column now moved forward toward the village; and, on reaching it, it was found to have been abandoned, — the Indians evidently deeming it useless to attempt a defense of it; and, shrewdly suspecting that the victors, flushed with their success, would cross the Muskingum and press forward toward the next town, the Indians also crossed the river, and, carefully concealed, awaited the approach of their enemy.

Notwithstanding the experience of many of the Major's command it appears that the Indians nearly succeeded in their well-considered plan to entrap their enemy. A well-informed writer says of it, "this scheme was fortunately discovered in time to prevent M'Donald from suffering a severe loss, if not a complete defeat."

Instead of crossing the Muskingum, as the Indians supposed it would do, the column appears to have halted at Wapatomica; and Major M'Donald contented himself with posting sentries along the bank of the river, both above and below the village, with orders to give an alarm if the Indians should attempt to recross the river. Some days were thus spent, during which time the two opposing forces closely watched each other, and both kept up a scattering fire.

At length, probably in good faith, the Indians expressed a desire to suspend hostilities and conclude a peace, and they tendered the offer to Major M'Donald. The proposition was favorably received by the Major; but he demanded, as a preliminary, that five of the chiefs should be surrendered to him

as hostages. The five chiefs were accordingly delivered to him; but it was represented by those hostages, very reasonably, that no general peace could be concluded between the belligerent parties, unless the chiefs of the other towns of the nation should be present, participate in the negotiations, and assent to the treaty.

In order to remove that objection, one of the hostages was liberated and sent to the other towns to invite the absent chiefs to go down and unite in the articles of peace; and, subsequently, when the appointed time had passed for the return of the messenger, another of the hostages was also liberated, and sent out on the same errand. Neither of the messengers returned, as was promised, and the army crossed the Muskingum River, in order to conclude the stipulations for peace; but, when the messengers did not return it was regarded as an evidence of bad faith in the Indians, and the troops were ordered up to the next town, which was only a mile above Wappatomica, on the opposite side of the river.

The Indians were evidently unprepared for this movement, and only a very feeble opposition was offered—one warrior killed, and one soldier wounded, being the only casualties. The village was taken, but it was then discovered that the Indians had employed the time which had been vainly spent in the negotiation, in removing their women and children, their old people, and their property, from the upper towns and in concentrating their forces.

Major M'Donald occupied the upper town; but it was not long before he noticed that his movements had aroused a fresh spirit of resentment among the Indians; and, at the same time, that his own supply of provisions was rapidly diminishing. He resolved, therefore, to gather all the green corn which he could carry away, to burn the two towns already captured, and destroy all the crops which he could not take with him, and then to fall back to Captina Creek, on his route to the Wheeling Creek, whence transcending the general orders under which he held his command, he had moved, a short time before.

The outraged Indians were not long in ignorance of the weakness of their adversary and of his projected retreat; and, burning with a desire for revenge, they assembled in large numbers and prepared to harass him on his march.

It is said by Mr. Doddridge, that "the army was out of provisions before it left the towns, and had to subsist on weeds, one ear of corn each day, with a very scanty supply of game;" and, at the same time, the hungry soldiers were unceasingly harassed by their vigilant and relentless foe. "Along the whole line of march, from the Muskingum to the Ohio," says another unusually well-informed writer, "an almost unceasing conflict was maintained by the adverse parties." "In this protracted contest," he continues, "the Indians suffered severe losses; but numbers of the Virginians were killed and wounded, and several who were captured were reserved for a more terrible fate."

At length, the jaded column of Major M'Donald's command, with sadly thinned ranks, reached the mouth of Captina Creek, and without either trophies or honor, it slowly worked its way up the river to Wheeling Creek, its own legitimate rendezvous.

While Major M'Donald and his command were thus unprofitably employed, General Lewis and Governor Dunmore, each in his own department, were busily employed in the organization of their respective commands, and each of them appears to have marched from his designated rendezvous toward the Great Kanawha, agreeably to the settled plan of the campaign.

The forces commanded by General Lewis, commenced their march from Camp Union, in Greenbrier County, Virginia, on the 11th of September. Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, was one hundred and sixty miles distant, and the country over which the column must pass was an unbroken, trackless forest. The stores and baggage were necessarily transported on pack-horses, as the route was impassable for wagons; but Captain Matthew Arbuckle, the guide, conducted the column



by the nearest and best route, and after a laborious march of nineteen days it reached Point Pleasant, on the 1st of October.

The forces commanded by Governor Dunmore appear to have met with very little trouble. At the appointed time, boats having been meanwhile provided, the column embarked at Fort Pitt, and descended the Ohio River to the mouth of Wheeling Creek, where it halted for a few days. The remains of Major M'Donald's command, fresh from its excursion to the Muskingum, were, of course, united with the column; and it is not impossible that the exploits of the Major may have induced the Governor to suppose that an easy task was before him, and prompted him to undertake it single-handed, as the major had attempted previously, without the co-operation of General Lewis and his command.

The Governor and his command left Fort Pitt, *en route* for Point Pleasant, agreeably to the settled plan of the campaign; halting at Wheeling Creek for temporary rest and to effect a junction with Major M'Donald. But, from some unexplained cause, while he was at Wheeling Creek, without having consulted General Lewis, or attempted to obtain any information concerning that officer or his very important command, Governor Dunmore radically changed the plan of the campaign as originally settled, and, as Major M'Donald had done, determined to push into the enemy's country from Wheeling Creek without waiting to effect a junction with any other portion of the army.

This change in the plan of the campaign, without consultation with General Lewis and without inquiring what were his necessities, remains wholly unexplained unless by subsequent acts. It is probable that the Governor had heard Major M'Donald's report of the feebleness of the opposition which the Indians had made to his progress against the towns on the Muskingum, and of the readiness of those Indians to treat for peace, and was prompted, from that report, to believe that a great triumph was within his easy reach, without any other forces than those which were then with him; and that

he determined to embrace that rare opportunity, and secure the whole of the honors which would, of course, be awarded to the victor, without affording to General Lewis any portion of them.

The prolonged and unexplained halt of the Governor's command at Wheeling Creek was meanwhile productive of great anxiety to General Lewis in his encampment at Point Pleasant, and the latter dispatched some trusty scouts by land in the direction of Fort Pitt to ascertain what route the Governor had taken, and to gather what information they could concerning him. On the 9th of October, however—probably before the return of his own detachments—three men, who had been Indian traders, arrived at Point Pleasant with a message from the Governor, informing the general of his change of the plan of operations; of his own purpose to march to the Indian towns by way of the Hockhocking River, and ordering the general to move with his command directly to the old Chillicothe village on the Scioto.

The receipt of this information by General Lewis created additional anxiety and discontent, both of which, as will be seen, were well founded, since neither of the two commands, unsupported by the other, could expect to cope successfully with the combined forces of the united Indian nations of the north-west, and both these might, therefore, be imperiled. But notwithstanding that anxiety and discontent, preparations were promptly made for an immediate movement of the command toward the Scioto. But other duties, of which, at that time, neither the command nor its commander had ventured even to think, were before them and could not be disregarded.

It is said that Cornstalk, the great war chief of the Shawnees, had heard of the projected campaign against his countrymen very soon after its inception, and he evidently understood the peculiar features of the plan which had been formed at Williamsburg for conducting it. With great good judgment, therefore, he lost no time in his preparations to protect his country from the impending danger, and resolved to

strike the first blow himself, instead of waiting for an attack, after which he would act on the defensive, as was the usual mode of Indian campaigning, so as to prevent a junction of the two commands by attacking each of them separately, so that he might the more certainly overcome both, and the more completely protect his country from the threatened invasion.

In the prosecution of this admirable plan of operations Cornstalk had gathered his warriors, and moved with so much secrecy in his march toward Point Pleasant, for the attack of the first of the two columns of the colonial invaders, that he had come within less than an hour's march of the Virginian encampment; and, at the time of which we write, he was actually preparing to strike a sudden, an unexpected, and, what might have proved, a fatal blow on his unsuspecting enemy, who was quietly resting in his encampment without even suspecting that there was an unfriendly Indian within striking distance. But his plans were frustrated at the very moment when their complete success appeared to be no longer questionable.

On the 10th of October, the day after the arrival of the Governor's messenger, and while the preparations for the movement of the column were in progress, two young men, members of Captain William Russell's company, set out from the encampment at a very early hour to hunt. They had not gone more than three miles up the river when they unexpectedly reached an encampment of Indians, a large body of whom were then preparing to move on General Lewis's command, by whom they were entirely unexpected. The young men were seen by the vigilant enemy, and one of them was killed; but the other escaped, and hastened back to the encampment with the startling intelligence that the Indians, in great force, were immediately behind him and moving against it. Immediately afterward, James Robertson and Valentine Sevier, both then members of Captain Shelby's company, and both, subsequently, known as distinguished soldiers of high rank, who also had gone out to hunt, came in and con-

firmed the story of the terrified sportsman who had just before rushed into the encampment.

The experienced commander, General Lewis, notwithstanding his narrow escape from destruction, with great coolness lighted his pipe, and ordered a detachment of the Botetourt troops, under Colonel William Fleming, and a similar detachment of Augusta troops, under Colonel Charles Lewis, to go out on a reconnoissance, and, if necessary, to check the progress of the Indians, while, with the remainder of the command as a reserve and for the protection of the property, he remained within the encampment.

It was then only a little after sunrise, and as the two detachments moved from the encampment in two lines, they had not proceeded more than four hundred yards when they met the Indians in the same order. The Indians immediately opened the action with a heavy fire, under which the Virginians fell back some distance, with the loss of both the colonels commanding; but they were immediately re-enforced from the encampment by a detachment from Colonel Field's regiment led by the colonel in person, and the Indians, in their turn, were pushed back.

But a master mind directed the Indians—Cornstalk was there in person; and General Lewis and all who were with him were completely matched in military ability by that unlettered warrior of the West. He ordered the Indians to fall back "a little way," and to form a line behind the shelter of trees and fallen timber from the Ohio River at the one extremity to the Great Kanawha at the other; and thus having hemmed in the Virginians between his line and the two rivers, and cut off their retreat, it became at once simply a question of relative power—the Indians must be actually beaten, or the Virginians must be wholly annihilated. For the latter, no escape was possible; for the former their position and their skill in the use of their weapons, rather than the number of the warriors, gave them the advantage.

There was very little change of position on either side during the day; it was, in-

deed, an incessant fire, but it was a fire "at will," of individual sharp-shooters whenever a head or a limb was exposed, from the shelter behind which its owner was crouched. Each party watched the other with the utmost closeness for ten hours. Both of them knew perfectly that a change of position, in either line, would result in terrible loss of life.

At length, just before sunset, General Lewis managed to throw a detachment from the encampment unobserved by the Indians on their rear, and that movement was so skillfully executed that they supposed that a re-enforcement had arrived for the relief of the Virginians. The fire of the detachment was thrown on the rear of the Indians' line with great effect, and, astonished at the unexpected appearance of an enemy in that direction, they broke and suddenly fell back, leaving thirty-three of their killed behind them, contrary to their usual practice.

The loss of the Virginians was not less than twelve commissioned officers killed and wounded; besides whom, seventy-five men were killed and one hundred and forty-one were wounded. The entire loss of the Indians was not ascertained, but probably it was not nearly as great as that which they had inflicted on the Virginians. Among the killed, the Virginians had to lament the loss of Colonel Charles Lewis, who commanded the detachment of Augusta troops who first met the Indians. Besides whom, also killed, were Colonel Fields, who had led the re-enforcement, when the Virginians were driven back; Captains Buford, Murray, Ward, Wilson, and M'Clenachan; Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby, and Dillon. Besides these, Colonel Fleming, who had led the Botetourt troops into action at the opening of the engagement, was very soon carried from the field pierced with three balls, and Mr. Doddridge says, "there were several subaltern officers," among the killed and wounded, besides those whom we have named.

It is generally admitted that this action was one of the best contested and most sanguinary of the Indian fights of the West, and reasonably enough, Western men have

gloried over it as emphatically a Western battle, fought only by Western men, not one of General Lewis's command having been enlisted to the eastward of the Blue Ridge. During the night after the battle, Cornstalk and his warriors recrossed the Ohio River, and on the following day, they moved off to their towns on the Scioto.

The day after the battle was occupied by the Virginians in burying the dead and in throwing intrenchments around the encampment. And, on the following day, the 12th of October, after leaving a sufficient force to protect the post and to care for the sick and wounded of the command, General Lewis with the main body of his command crossed the Ohio and took up his line of march for the Scioto.

During the eventful period in the annals of Point Pleasant, Governor Dunmore had moved down the Ohio from Wheeling Creek to the mouth of the Hockhocking River, agreeably to his new formed plan of operations. His junction with Major M'Donald had increased the Governor's command to more than twelve hundred men, and he was enabled, therefore, to build a stockade at the mouth of the Hockhocking, for the protection of his sick and as a repository for his stores, before he proceeded into the wilderness for the purposes of the campaign. When the stockade was completed the main body moved up the river as far as the falls, and thence it struck out into the forest as directly as possible toward the Indian towns on the Scioto River, which was the Governor's objective point.

At that time neither the Governor nor the Indians had received any intelligence of the defeat of Cornstalk and his warriors at Point Pleasant; and the offers of peace which were tendered by the former were met by the latter with evasions and delays. But soon after the Indians received the unwelcome tidings of the disaster which had befallen their great leader and his command, and they became more anxious to conclude the negotiations, and even made new proposals for the consummation of that desirable end. None of which, however, induced the Governor to halt until he had reached the vicinity

of the Indian villages, where he encamped, and negotiated an armistice preliminary to a general peace, and sent messengers to meet General Lewis with the information of the cessation of hostilities, and orders to govern himself accordingly.

As has been said, the main body of General Lewis's command, "after having finished the intrenchments and put every thing in order for securing the wounded from danger after the battle," crossed the Ohio River and marched "by the way of the Salt Licks," Captain Matthew Arbuckle continuing to act as its guide.

It was said of the men who composed the command of General Lewis: "In this command the general had many difficulties to encounter, of which none can well judge who has never experienced similar troubles, to preserve order and necessary discipline over an army of volunteers who had no knowledge of the use of discipline or military order, when in an enemy's country well skilled in their own manner of warfare. And it is well remembered," as the same writer continued, "that the youth of our country, previous to those times had grown up in times of peace and were quite unacquainted with military operations of any kind. Ignorance of those duties," he says, "together with high notions of independence and equality of condition rendered the service extremely difficult and disagreeable to the commander, who was by nature of a lofty and high military spirit, and who had seen much military service under General Braddock and other commanders;" in other words, they were as innocent of military discipline and of the better traits of humanity as were the savages they were pursuing, or as are the greater number of "border ruffians" of the present day, and were, in very truth, little else than a legally constituted mob.

Burning with its thirst for revenge against the Indians, who were fighting only for their "altars and their fires," and denouncing the Governor as a confederate of the Indians, desiring and seeking the destruction of his auxiliary force, this semi-savage body of men moved into the wilderness toward the

Scioto, where it expected to join the Governor, and, with the support and assistance of his command, to "exterminate" the Indians. This body of men, with very little military organization, moved through the wilderness until it reached "the prairie on Killikenny Creek," where it was met by the Governor's messengers announcing the suspension of hostilities, and ordering it to act accordingly. General Lewis's men were indignant when informed of the tenor of the Governor's dispatches, and professed to regard themselves as defrauded of their right to revenge, and, accordingly, they resolutely disregarded the Governor's orders, as well as those of their own immediate commander. The first message and also a second which the Governor sent were disregarded, and not until the Governor in person, accompanied by the White Fish, a leading chief, personally went back and enforced the orders which he had sent, were they regarded and obeyed. The Governor and the neighboring chiefs having thus agreed on the terms of peace, runners were sent to the distant towns, from nearly all of which the chiefs in due time visited the Governor's headquarters. In two or three instances the chiefs refused to respond to the call, but their villages were promptly destroyed, and the negotiations were conducted without their assistance.

Soon afterwards, in November, the terms of peace were satisfactorily adjusted; and the Indians stipulated to observe peace with the whites, to deliver to them all the prisoners who remained in captivity, and to recognize the Ohio River as the boundary between the contracting parties—all to the northward and westward of "the beautiful river" being thereby remanded to barbarism, "according to law," and only the territories on its eastern and southern banks permitted *legally* to enjoy even the twilight which in that day and country was regarded as civilization and Christianity. It was in the establishment of that treaty, on Sippo Creek, that the celebrated Logan sent the message—speech, it is often called—to Governor Dunmore, which has been described and quoted already in our former paper.



The treaty having been signed, the Colonial forces fell back to Fort Pitt and to Point Pleasant respectively, and were duly discharged from the service—the Governor, a few months after, to figure in another struggle, as the loyal Governor of Virginia, against the

insurgents within his own jurisdiction; General Lewis and Daniel Morgan and Michael Cresap and others, who had participated in the dangers of the campaign, taking opposite ground, against the legally constituted and recognized authorities of the Colony.

## CARICATURE IN AMERICA.

FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

EVERY body knows that the newspaper fun of the world is now mainly of transatlantic origin. The Americans regard drollery as an essential part of journalism—something absolutely indispensable, and to be indulged in at whatever cost; often at the sacrifice of good taste, not to mention graver considerations. The most assimilative of nations, they have absorbed the peculiarities of so many others, that their society must present very much that is odd, grotesque, bizarre, and incongruous; all of which, finding the freest expression in a prosperous democracy, produces that exuberant flow of "American humor" we are so familiar with. Over five thousand journals keep us pretty well supplied with mirth, even as the gulf-stream is said to warm our climate. They have, indeed, somewhat superseded, if not eclipsed, the native article. These facts are patent to every body, but for obvious reasons we know but little of American proficiency in the kindred art of Caricature. Pictorial fun is necessarily in great part local, and less easily transferable.

Yet it flourishes in the United States in proportion to its inevitably later development. One of the minor sources of surprise and amusement to the European, who lands for the first time in any of the large cities of the great Republic, is the variety of illustrated periodicals, all more or less containing comic sketches. The stalls of the street news-vendors supply quite a gallery of this sort of pictures, generally displayed, too, with a business-like eye to their attractiveness. A two-page illustration, or good caricature on a local, political, or national

subject, is sure to be made the most of—with results to non-purchasers, as will appear presently. Some account of American Caricature, with incidental mention of its occasional effects, and of the artists who produced it, may not be devoid of interest to English readers.

As a matter of course, in a country where public affairs form the paramount topic, two-thirds of the pictorial satire of the United States is political. In this field, beyond all question or rivalry, one caricaturist has attained pre-eminence—namely, Thomas Nast, whose cartoons, as they are called, invariably appear in *Harper's Weekly*; which journal has had the monopoly of his powerful and most industrious pencil for over a dozen years.

Nast is a Bavarian by birth, whose parents emigrated to the United States during his childhood. His first success as an artist was achieved during the great civil war, when he could not have been more than three and twenty. Like the times, his designs were then generally of a serious character, setting forth, sometimes emblematically in pictorial allegory, sometimes in direct but always striking and imaginative presentment, the many and mutable phases of that tremendous conflict. They argued the case to the eye, and conclusively, and were at once tableaux, poems, and speeches. Their power of "hitting the nail on the head" in telling, consecutive blows, and driving it home, was extraordinary. Drawn in a strong, bold, hard style, in which might be detected a suggestion of the artist's nationality, with but little attempt at refinement or beauty,

the undeniable merits of these pictures rendered them enormously influential. In the words of a native writer, "*Harper's Weekly*, circulating in every town, army, camp, fort, and ship, placed the whole country within Nast's reach," and he fully improved that magnificent opportunity. Thenceforth he became a power in the land. Indeed, when some very foolish person asked General Grant whom he regarded as the most notable individual developed by the war, he shrewdly replied, "I think Thomas Nast."

Two years subsequently Nast obtained a more praiseworthy triumph, because wholly disconnected with party. At that period, in consequence of universal suffrage and the preponderance of ignorant foreign voters, the rich city of New York had fallen under the absolute control of about half a dozen unmitigated scoundrels, who had reduced theft to a science, and were depleting the body politic in the most shameless manner. They stole so enormously that they had got the entire metropolis and State in their grasp, and actually aspired to rule and rob the nation by placing one of the gang in the highest office within its gift. Such was the notorious "Tammany Ring," and against it Nast and the press, albeit the latter was not at first wholly free from the guilt of complicity, fought a desperate and at length successful battle. The artist's work at this crisis was wholly unexampled in the history of caricature; he scourged the criminals as with a whip of scorpions. It is not too much to say that, but for Nast, their overthrow and punishment could not have been accomplished. Their chief characteristically remarked that he didn't care what was printed about him—the majority of his supporters never read; but they couldn't help seeing those — pictures, and being influenced by them; also that Nast had caricatured him so often and so villainously, that he was getting to look like his counterfeit presentment! That coarse, obese figure, those insolent, deep-set, mooney eyes, that "fifteen thousand five hundred dollar diamond" in the shirt-front, glared at you from every street corner, and became identified in the public mind with fraud incar-

nate—cynical, remorseless, insatiable rascality. In like manner the large eye-glasses of another of the conspirators grew to be as familiar as, and far more odious to the New York public, than the old pear-head and shabby umbrella of Louis Philippe to the French of an earlier day. All the robbers fared as badly under Nast's merciless pencil; he drew them as they were, and a little more so, until their very accomplices were half ashamed to be seen in their company. No wonder that the rogues sought to suppress this brave and honest artist by bribery; offering him no less a sum than five hundred thousand dollars on condition that he should go to Europe for three years, or at least abstain from caricaturing them in future. It was well worth their while to purchase impunity at almost any price, with an absolutely unlimited quarry of plunder before them. Nast refused, persisted, public feeling was roused, and "the ring" was broken. Its chieftain died in jail, and his confederates only escaped punishment by becoming obscure fugitives scattered over the face of the earth.

Nast helped to secure Grant another four years' tenure of office in 1873, and was his cordial, but by no means indiscriminating, supporter throughout that period. The general acknowledged these services by complimenting him with a call at the artist's residence in Morristown, New Jersey, just before his visit to Europe. Since then Nast has wrought steadily at his art, commonly producing two or more large drawings weekly, and incidental small ones. He has lost none of his old aggressive force, and has attained a facility of execution truly marvellous. On every topic of public interest he supplies some pictorial satire, always more or less effective. His daring in attacking not only politicians, editors, and individuals in general, but also national vices, faults and follies—making "Uncle Sam" directly responsible for them, and depicting him in odious and ridiculous lights—argues the highest moral courage; while the toleration, not to say good-humor, with which this is received might rebuke a shallow notion that the Americans are, as a people, exceptionally

vain and sensitive. No English caricaturist has ever struck such blows at John Bull as has Nast at Brother Jonathan. His enemies say that he is brutal, but such abuses as he has to deal with are best handled without gloves.

There are other comic draughtsmen, whose productions appear in *Harper's Bazar* and *Magazine*, as well as the *Weekly*. Among these perhaps Frank Bellew ranks as chief, though his reputation has somewhat declined of late years, under stress of competition—to which cause ill-natured people add carelessness of drawing. His name and fancy signature—a triangle—were familiar to the American public long before Nast's advent. Like Nast, he is not a native of the United States, but only morally and politically assimilated to it. Bellew was born in Ireland, and landed in New York in 1851. He has drawn for innumerable comic publications—all that long series of failures to produce a transatlantic Punch which has rendered the attempt something of a joke in America, and which may be in part explained by the fact that every journal supplies its quota of fun to its readers, thereby superseding the necessity for one particular exponent of national humor. The amount of work identified with Bellew's pencil is extraordinary; he has probably originated more of a purely comic nature than all the rest of his artistic brethren put together. There were those who excelled him in accuracy; but in humor, in imagination and fancy, in invention and the power of seeing a subject in innumerable grotesque lights, and depicting it in an amusing and effective manner, he was unrivalled. Probably from a want of earnestness and strength of conviction, he has never achieved any marked success in politics—a field now almost exclusively occupied by Nast—but his sketches and satires of every-day American life were and are excellent. Commanding a bright, sketchy style, quite the antipodes of the intensely realistic treatment of his rival, Bellew was once, in a manner, the John Leech of New York City, and though inferior to the Englishman in correctness and beauty of drawing, surpassed him in fertility of conception.

All that kaleidoscopic variety of nationality and character which renders the bright, attractive metropolis on the banks of the Hudson a microcosm of Europe, figures in his sketches, as well as the American, in his many diversities of locality and color. He drew the Englishman abroad, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, and, above all, the Irishman, not at all complimentarily. As O'Connell remarked, that whenever one of his countrymen was to be roasted, you might be sure of finding another ready to turn the spit, so Bellew originated that pictorial persecution of the "Biddy," or Irish servant-girl, which is now a stock subject of American satire; and "showed up" poor Paddy, her brother, in equally unflattering colors. But here again Nast has so exceeded him as to incur the fiercest Hibernian hatred, including absolute denunciation from the pulpits of Roman Catholic priests, in consequence of his caricatures of them.

Bellew's knowledge of American physiognomy is remarkable. Like the late John Leech, he delights in handsome "swells," pretty women, and charming children. He has drawn whole galleries of the latter, and is never happier than when portraying their ways, feelings, and oddities.

One of the pretty children whom Bellew used to draw, namely, his daughter, is now a handsome young lady, who, following in her father's footsteps, supplies drawings to the Harpers' publications very much in his style. Next to him should be mentioned Sol. Eytinge, Jr., a native born New Yorker, whose artistic merits might have enabled him to attain to a much higher position, if his invention, ambition, and industry had been commensurate with his abilities. As it is, he produces but little, and that mostly on one hackneyed subject—imaginary negro comicalities—wherein the colored people are represented perpetrating all sorts of absurdities in monkey-like imitation of white folks. Eytinge's style is based on that of the famous French caricaturist Gaverni, but he is very careless in execution. Nast was, in a manner, his pupil, when, as a boy, he first obtained employment on Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper—to be spoken of

shortly—but the two have traveled widely different roads since.

Of the half-dozen minor caricaturists employed by the Harpers, some have clever specialities. One draws street children white and black with much sympathetic drollery. "Emmeline, chile," says a little negress to a smaller one, carrying a toy-baby larger than herself, "what for your mudder buy you a white doll? The least she could hab done would 'a been to hab stood by her color." Other artists excel in fancy sketches of animals, a source of humor which has been cultivated in America with very diverting results. The house-sparrows, imported from England as a means of abating the Summer plague of "measuring-worms," or caterpillars, but which have neglected that duty for buds and fruit, and thus become a worse nuisance themselves, are invested with a semi-human and highly comic capacity for observation and reflection. A number of those dreaded pests of the farmer, locusts and crows, sit in a row upon a rail-fence, watching the operation of sowing, obviously with the liveliest interest and fellest prospective intentions, the punning title of the little sketch being a parody on that of a popular song, "That's wheat by and by." Chickens "get up their muscle for Summer boarders," by practicing gymnastics—walking, playing at leap-frog, lying on their backs and balancing heavy stones on their feet—all for the purpose of rendering themselves too tough for human consumption. A baby-chicken, "born to sorrow," emerges from his shell to encounter the menacing glare of four cats with napkins tied around their necks—ready for dinner. A company of mosquitoes, long of leg and sharp of bill, await the arrival of the first victim-traveler on the piazza of the Summer hotel. And so on indefinitely.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated News*, an older pictorial sheet than those of the Harpers, is less distinguished for its caricatures nowadays than in the past, when Bellew, Eytinge, Nast, and others drew for it, sometimes with marked success. In common, however, with all such journals in the United States, its last page always contains some comic sketches.

Seven years ago or so its publisher, an Englishman, imported Matt Morgan, whose highly sensational pictures, ornamented with red, yellow, and blue backgrounds, may be remembered in connection with the extinct London *Tomahawk*. In the presidential election of 1872 he and Bellew took the opposite side to that championed by Nast, and labored to make General Grant as odious and ridiculous as was possible. But they had not any thing like so good a subject for caricature as poor Horace Greeley, the rival candidate, whose peculiarities afforded Nast almost unlimited scope for burlesque. He felt that artist's attacks but too deeply, and once observed to an assembly, "You see, after all, that I am human." Morgan was a far better draughtsman than caricaturist; and most of his American designs resolve themselves into groups of hard-visaged politicians, doing nothing in particular, with a "blackboard" behind to explain the meaning. He subsequently reverted to his original profession of scene-painter.

Among his other numerous periodicals Frank Leslie also publishes *The Budget of Fun* and *The Jolly Joker*, both of which are illustrated with comic drawings, original and pirated—the former of no very high degree of merit. These, and similar sheets, issued weekly or monthly, and containing all sorts of humorous stories, anecdotes, etc., from various sources, are sold largely on "the cars" and elsewhere throughout the United States; most of the principal cities producing one or more. But the journal which, for an obvious reason, supplies the greatest number of pictures, both original and stolen, serious and comic, is the New York *Daily Graphic*—a very lively and successful evening paper, now in the sixth year of its existence, and the only sheet of that kind extant, either in America or Europe. Such an enterprise demands a more rapidly executed medium of illustration than wood engraving, employed by the Harpers and Frank Leslie; accordingly the *Graphic's* pictures are produced by photolithography, from bright, bold, but careful sketches, resembling etching on steel or copper. These not only depict with extraor-



dinary celerity and accuracy, all the current events of the day, both local and continental, and copy the best engravings of the pictorial European Press—as well as certain famous ones from celebrated paintings, given as premiums to subscribers—but likewise deal largely in caricature and graceful semi-burlesque drawings. In this latter department Gray Parker has attained great excellence. His women and children are handsomer and more stylish than those of Bellew—who once drew for the *Graphic*—and, but for some affectations savoring rather of the fashion-plate than the draughtsman, would be per-

fectly charming. They are, too, essentially American, of that French New York type, which reminds Europeans of Paris. All the amusing details that go to make up social and fashionable life in America, and especially of its vivacious metropolis, Parker illustrates in a very pretty and fanciful way. The political caricatures of the *Graphic* are also of average merit. Not long ago Cusacks, another of its artists, fought a duel at the point of the pencil with Nast, but hardly came off victor. With so many exponents of the art, caricature is not likely to decline in the United States.

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 THE DREAM OF PHIDIAS.

LONG years the master's hand had sought  
To stamp in stone the mighty theme,  
The sign of Hellas' highest thought,  
With strong unrest had patient wrought,  
Led onward by his poet-dream.

His gods in sculptured beauty rose,  
Harmonious, perfect, line on line,  
Revealing in sublime repose  
The strength above all joys and woes,  
The majesty of life divine.

At last the master's eyes grew dim,  
He felt the daylight slowly wane  
And close him round with shadows grim;  
No more his dreams companioned him,  
He spoke as one whose hopes are vain.

But as he neared the setting sun,  
Around him came a sacred band—  
Athene of the Parthenon,  
Fair Aphrodite—one by one,  
The grand creations of his hand.

They smiled from temples consecrate,  
From many a monumental frieze—  
Fair Attic maids with steps elate,  
And he in sculptured pomp and state  
Who guards the earth and rules the seas.

These grand creations, his alone—  
They met the master's upraised eyes,  
Zeus smiling from his golden throne.  
They spoke in choral undertone,  
“Dear master, do we not suffice?”

“And ever as thou patient wrought,  
Hast thou forgot our greeting call?  
The sunlit blooms for thee we sought,  
The nectar draughts for thee we brought,  
The songs we sang thee—one and all?”

“And when, responsive to thy will,  
We woke as by a touch of fire,  
Hast thou forgot thy first glad thrill?  
All Hellas crowns thee; tell us still  
Thy aspiration, thy desire?”

The master humbly bowed his head,  
He knelt by one—his work of love—  
To Zeus, in sad entreaty plead:  
“Some token give, some sign,” he said,  
“That thou my labor dost approve.

“Within thy temples manifold  
I gave my strength, my noblest thought;  
Thy throne enwreathed with gems and gold,  
To venture in was I o'erbold,  
O Father, have I vainly wrought?”

“I gave not to the multitude  
My fleeting years of toil and woe;  
If thou hast seen and understood,  
If thou pronounce my labor good,  
Life's highest rapture mine to know.”

Then sudden from the cloudless sky  
Across the temple floor there fell  
A lightning flash—sign from on high,  
The Thunderer's token, his reply:  
“Thy work,” it said, “is finished well.”

## CLARA BARTON.



**A**MONG the women who deserve a permanent place in the grateful remembrance of the American people for devotion to sick and wounded soldiers, and for other patriotic services rendered during our great war, was Clara Barton, a clerk in the Patent Office. Her father resided at Oxford, Massachusetts, and was a member of the State Legislature, noted in the circle of his acquaintance for his energy and good sense. He gave his children the advantages of the best New England schools, and Clara began active life as a teacher, in which she achieved an eminent degree of success, in an attempt to popularize free education in Bordentown, New Jersey. But the complete though temporary loss of her voice compelled her to relinquish her successful enterprise, and seek rest and recuperation. She employed her enforced leisure in making a visit to Wash-

ington, then, as now, a place of interest to all strangers. Here she was brought into pleasant social relations with Judge Mason, the Commissioner of Patents, who at length offered her a desk in his office as copying clerk. It thus happened that she was in the service of the government during the long period of excitement that preceded the breaking out of the war.

Through all those months of agitation and alarm, when States were passing ordinances of secession, and Southern members of Congress were vacating their places, she had no thought that the general irritation would end in war, but that it would be settled, as former difficulties had been settled, by some compromise; and even the proceedings around Charleston and the bombardment of Fort Sumter did not awake her from her dream of security. Hence when

the news was flashed over the wires that a regiment of soldiers from her own peaceful State had actually been assailed by the enemies of the republic in their passage through Baltimore, and some of them killed, she was overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of the impending danger.

That memorable 19th of April was a day of intense excitement at the capital. The news of what had occurred brought together groups of men making eager inquiries and speculating on the probable results. Miss Barton says that she was greatly moved, and, going into the street, she found everywhere anxious faces full of foreboding ill. All the usual places of resort were crowded, and it required no eavesdropping to catch the general sentiment that prevailed. Washington was, in fact, full of the partisans of the South, and she heard loud and exultant exclamations of joy over the fate of the gallant men who had fallen while in the discharge of a patriotic duty. Indignant, excited, alarmed, and scarcely knowing where she went, she fell into the current, and was borne along to the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where she saw forty men covered with blood, many of them faint and helpless, landed from the cars and borne away for shelter and medical treatment.

She followed, and when they found a resting-place at what was then the infirmary, on Judiciary Square, she gained admission, and set about affording such relief as it was in her power to give. She was deeply interested, and came the next day, and the next, and on many subsequent days, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with other women, bringing jellies and bandages and food, and doing what she could for the relief of the sufferers. Then on Sunday, the 21st, she went to the Capitol, where the regiment was quartered, having with her five negroes laden with baskets containing provisions, which she distributed to the soldiers. Some of them were from her native town, and these gathered around her with the feeling that they had found a friend. After talking familiarly with them and establishing the most friendly relations, she took from her pocket a newspaper, and, standing on the

steps that lead to the chair of the Vice-president, she read them the newspaper account of their journey and of the assault in Baltimore.

It was in this spontaneous way that her work began. She had no special training for the hospital, but her heart was full of humanity, and the need for help was great. Washington was soon surrounded by camps, and sick and wounded men were brought there continually from the advancing front. At first they were provided for in churches and other public buildings, hastily fitted up to receive them; but at a later day tents and rough wooden structures were substituted, which extended for miles along the great thoroughfares leading from the city. The work thus begun grew more urgent. In the beginning of the war the provision for our hospitals was very imperfect, so that the ministrations of such as Miss Barton were welcomed with the warmest gratitude, and seemed to be so important that she felt her duties in the Patent Office to be a hinderance. She accordingly resigned her clerkship, and gave herself up entirely to the care of the sick.

Late in the year 1861 she was called home in consequence of the declining health of her father—an old man of eighty-eight, whose end was evidently drawing near. In the following March she closed his eyes, and after laying away his remains in the little cemetery at Oxford returned to Washington to renew her patriotic labors. But the urgent call for nurses which had existed at the beginning was, in time, largely supplied, and Miss Barton turned her attention to relief in another direction. Observing that patients often reached the hospital in a condition so exhausted as to render any appliances unavailable, she was accustomed during the long Peninsular campaign to load an ambulance with dressings and supplies, and go down to the wharves where the wounded were landed, in order to give the earliest possible succor to those who were most in need. While thus engaged she was deeply impressed with the importance of early attention to the wounded, and was made to see how much more efficient her service

would be if it could be promptly rendered on the field of battle. Besides her own observations, there were every day reports of wounded soldiers who had lain for hours and days without receiving any attention; and she thought more and more that she was not in her proper place, and that where she was most needed was at the front, and there she ought to be, irrespective of all personal considerations.

Full of this thought she procured a pass from Surgeon-general Hammond and transportation from the quarter-master (Colonel Rucker), and, loading a railroad car with supplies, went down to Culpepper Court House, which she knew was crowded with wounded soldiers from the battle of Cedar Mountain (August 9, 1862). The welcome which she received was so signal, and the good that she was enabled to do so obvious, that, on returning to Washington, she was induced to make a visit of the same kind to Fairfax Station, where great numbers of wounded had been brought from Chantilly and the second battle of Bull Run.

Her next adventure was still more important. On the 14th of September (1862), she loaded an army wagon with supplies, and in company with Cornelius M. Wells sought the army of General McClellan, understood to be watching General Lee in Maryland. After three days of toil and dust she reached Burnside's Corps just at evening, to find that the opposing armies were lying face to face along the valley of Antietam with the expectation of a battle next day.

All night long the preparations were going on around her and within her hearing, and the morning (September 17th) opened with the booming of heavy guns. She was among the first to move, and ordered her mules to be driven to the shelter of a barn close on the line of battle. As the morning advanced the battle became general and large numbers of wounded men were brought to the barn and into a neighboring corn-field for treatment. There were surgeons present with the needful instruments; but on account of some misunderstanding there were no supplies. The "medical chest" had not arrived, and the husks of the growing corn

were stripped off and used in staunching wounds and bandaging limbs. It was under these circumstances that Miss Barton opened her stock of dressings and other supplies which, though insufficient, afforded very important relief. She also distributed bread soaked in wine, for the faint and languid, and made large quantities of gruel, which was greedily devoured. In the neighboring farm-house, to which the barn was an appendage, three barrels of flour were found, together with kettles and buckets and salt; and under her orders gruel was made of the flour and distributed to the famished soldiers. She took her position on the large porch of the farm-house near where the surgeons were operating, and held it all day; and when night came her face was so blackened by powder smoke that she could hardly be distinguished from one of her own "contrabands."

But her thoughtful service did not stop here. As night drew on, an inquiry was made for lights, and it was found that none had been brought. The farm-house was searched for candles, but only one could be found, and the surgeon in charge was bewailing the prospect of a long night among wounded and dying men without the means of lighting up the darkness, when Miss Barton informed him that she had among her supplies thirty lanterns and a large number of candles. On the morrow the fighting had ceased, but the wounded were still to be cared for, and the regular supplies did not arrive till the third day.

Till this time Miss Barton's teams had been provided and loaded from her own private means; but now, Colonel Rucker, of the quartermaster's department, gave such orders as put at her disposal any needful mules or ambulances or supplies; and she had her own train independent of official orders, but she was always careful to act in harmony with official plans. It was in this way that she was in the field at Cedar Mountain, Chantilly, the second battle of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Falmouth, and the various battles of the Wilderness. She was for eight months with the army in front of Charleston, on the sands of Morris Island,



and was present at the fearful night assault on Fort Wagner; and when Lieutenant-colonel Leggett lost his leg in the trenches and was regarded as beyond the power of medical skill, she clung to him with the faithfulness of a sister and brought him back to life.

Miss Barton left the army of the South at the invitation of General Butler, and spent several months in the army of the James, then under his command. Returning to Washington before the close of the war she went over to Annapolis to do what she could to ameliorate the sufferings of the exchanged prisoners arriving from the pest house at Andersonville. It was while engaged in this work that she learned how great was the number of soldiers supposed to be in the prison pens of the South, who were missing and could not be found. Letters of inquiry, expressing intense anxiety on the part of friends, were addressed to distinguished persons at the capital, and handed over to army officers; but as there was no one whose duty it was to look up the desired information, the letters were neglected or lost. Miss Barton, on discovering the deficiency, returned to Washington, and going directly to President Lincoln, laid before him the difficulties, and said that if proper notice could be given to the country she would undertake to look up these lost soldiers and answer the inquiries of correspondents. The President immediately sat down and wrote, with his own hand, a notice addressed to "The People of the United States," stating that Miss Clara Barton had volunteered to receive and answer all letters of inquiry from those who had lost friends in Southern prisons, and that she could be addressed at Annapolis, Maryland. This notice was signed "A. Lincoln," and published in the *Chronicle* in March, 1865. In the next four days Miss Barton received four hundred letters of inquiry, and they soon amounted to many thousands.

This was the origin of her Bureau of Information, so important to the whole country. It required an office, the keeping of records, the searching of regimental rolls, an immense correspondence, clerks, messengers, and postage stamps; and at the end of the

year she found that she had expended the large sum of eight thousand dollars, and that it would be impossible to continue the work. She, therefore, had circulars printed giving notice of the discontinuance of the Bureau. But just as the circulars were delivered from the printing office, Mrs. Francis D. Gage, of Ohio called, and seeing what was going on, went immediately to several leading members of Congress, who, after informing themselves of the facts, introduced a bill appropriating fifteen thousand dollars to pay the expenses already incurred, and to provide for the further continuance of the work. This bill passed both Houses without a dissenting vote, and she went on with her work, making her final report in the Fall of 1868.

It was in pursuance of this duty that she paid a visit to Andersonville with a Government Commission, to ascertain as far as possible the names and places of burial of the thirteen thousand soldiers who went down in that dreadful charnel-house. Her party was the first to open the way between Atlanta and Savannah, after the destructive march of General Sherman, and it remained to mark the graves of the dead, inclose the grounds, and give some show of order and decency to that memorable field of shame. In performing this duty she took with her Dorrance Atwater, a young soldier from Connecticut, who, during an imprisonment of eleven months at Andersonville, had been employed in keeping the record of deaths, and had managed to get away with a copy of this record concealed on his person. It was his record that suggested to her the possibility of finding and marking the graves, and her success was mainly owing to this young man.

Atwater was afterward suspected of having stolen his record from the American Government, and was actually tried by a court-martial and sentenced to a term of two years and six months in the Auburn State-prison. Miss Barton was satisfied of the gross injustice of this proceeding, and immediately set about finding the proofs necessary to establish his innocence. This she did so effectually as not only to secure his pardon,

but to secure also his employment in the public service. During the last eight years he has been Consul at Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, where he has married the Princess Mactia, whose sister is the consort of the recently crowned king.

Miss Barton's laborious and exciting life, so long continued and often requiring unremitted attention for many hours without sufficient sleep, had taxed her constitution beyond its strength, and brought its penalty of sickness with slow and reluctant recovery; and taking the advice of physicians and friends, in the year following the closing up of her Bureau (1869), she sailed for Europe, and took up her abode in the mountains of Switzerland, where she was slowly recuperating and writing occasional letters for the New York papers, when the news of the war between France and Germany suddenly broke over Europe. The contending armies began to move in the middle of July, six or seven months after her arrival, and she was immediately waited on by the officers of the "Red Cross of Geneva,"\* and invited to join them in a proposed expedition to the field. But not regarding her strength as equal to such a service, she declined. A few days later she received a message from the Grand Duchess of Baden, who had learned of her presence in Europe, asking that she would join her at her court. This distinguished lady is the daughter of the Emperor of Germany (then king), and is a princess famed for her grace and goodness, as well as for the sagacity and activity with which she enters into all interests of her people. She had heard of Miss Barton's important services during our protracted war, and desired to have her aid in providing for the sick and wounded of the Prussian army. Miss Barton obeyed the royal summons, and, repairing to Carlsruhe, was received at the palace with a cordial welcome. Thenceforward,

\* "The Red Cross of Geneva" is the name of a treaty signed at Geneva by the different sovereignties of Europe for neutralizing hospitals and ambulances, and persons taking care of the wounded in time of war. The badge is a red cross worn on the left arm or emblazoned on a banner. This cross, properly authenticated, is a signal which is respected by all belligerents; and hence all charities in the interest of the soldier are organized under the "Red Cross."

for many weeks, she was the guest of the Grand Duchess, and was accustomed, day after day, to make the rounds of the hospitals at that place in company with her and her royal attendants, caring for the sanitary condition of the army, organizing for enlarged accommodations for the sick, and suggesting needful improvements. The Grand Duchess had interested herself early in life in the condition of the suffering classes, and had organized the admirable system of relief societies known in the German as "Frauen-Verein;" and it is not strange that a princess so philanthropic should have found in the life and experience of our practical country-woman something at once congenial and valuable, or that their close association through so many days of darkness and suffering should have ripened into a respectful and affectionate friendship not likely to be diminished while they lived.

But it was not in organizing hospitals or in services to the sick and wounded that Miss Barton found her most important work in Europe. When Strasburg fell, after a siege of a hundred days and a terrible bombardment, the desolation in the city was appalling. Business was suspended, houses were in ashes or in piles of rubbish, the hospitals were crowded, and the wretched inhabitants who crept out from the cellars where they had sheltered themselves from the iron tempest were filthy, sickly, and, in many cases, absolutely without clothing. When Miss Barton entered the city, a few days after the surrender, and saw the depression of the people and the general destitution, all her generous impulses were aroused, and she longed to stretch out a helping hand for the relief, especially, of the women. But she was in a foreign land, and might well hesitate to go forward. She says in one of her letters that she explained to her hostess what she thought might be done, and that the Grand Duchess begged of her to go forward and undertake the execution of her plans.

She accordingly called together the poor, destitute, and naked women, hired suitable rooms, bought material for garments, and set the more intelligent at work, promising

them a fair remuneration for all that they did. This required cutters and overseers and records and clerks and large expenditures of money, but she went forward with the most entire confidence; and strong individuals, the relief societies of the Grand Duchess, and the committee of succor came generously to her aid, and her work was continued for six months, and proved to be a complete success. During that time there went out from her rooms more than forty thousand garments, which were given to the most destitute, while the money earned by the laborers enabled them to take care of themselves. She kept employed from one hundred to three hundred women; and, before she left, had the satisfaction of seeing Strasburg among the best clothed cities of Europe.

While she was thus engaged in lifting the poor of Strasburg out of their wretchedness the war had come to a close. But the blessings of peace had not fallen on the city of Paris. That unfortunate capital had first capitulated to the Germans and then to the *Commune*, and was now a scene of sad humiliation, poverty, and suffering. For eight months calamities, the most appalling, had followed each other till the city was stripped and peeled in every part. When at last the French troops overthrew the *Commune*, and the city had such peace as bayonets could give, there was an opportunity for the work of restoration; and the next day, while the leading Communists were being shot and the fires, left by the combatants, were still raging on some of the streets, Miss Barton entered, under the protection of the Red Cross, and began a system of aid similar to that which she had prosecuted so successfully at Strasburg. She soon had a great multitude of people under relief and had the satisfaction of seeing the naked clothed, the shops opened, and hope and cheer taking the place of poverty and despair. She continued her labors for about three months, during which time many thousands of people were clothed and otherwise helped by her ministrations.

We can not follow her to Metz and Belfort and other places struck with the blight of the war, where her services were less con-

spicuous, but not less beneficial. When her rooms were closed and garments ceased to be distributed to the poor, she found herself charged with kindred duties arising from her known relation to charitable objects. She thus became the agent of the Boston French Relief Fund. In Mr. Dwight's report he says: "At my request she undertook the distribution of thirty thousand francs in the Franche Comté and the country near Belfort," and in one of her letters she says that she was "living at the Mayor's house and receiving from fifty to one hundred families a day." It was at Belfort that she was obliged to protect her protectors. One day the four policemen which were stationed at her house to keep the applicants in order, were elbowed out of the way, and the crowd rushed forward to the door shouting and swearing and defying all control. Miss Barton on hearing the tumult said, "Let me speak to them," and presented herself at the door for that purpose. On seeing her the noise was hushed, the crowd fell back and the policemen resumed their places. She then said her few words and there was no more trouble. Whereupon one of the policemen, with a lively French imagination, exclaimed, "My God, it is an angel!"

Miss Barton's extreme and protracted labors in Europe were followed by long and severe sickness; and on returning to her own country in 1874, she was laid away out of sight at Worcester, Massachusetts, by continued disease, which kept her in bed for about two years. But her friends in America will rejoice to know that her health is now steadily improving and that if she suffered she was every-where loved and honored. The pin which she wears, bearing in its golden circle the Red Cross of Geneva, was the gift of the Grand Duchess, and the Emperor conferred on her several decorations—one being the Iron Cross of Merit. This decoration originated with Frederick William III about the time of Napoleon, to recognize the fidelity and heroism of the king's faithful servants who had brought the nation through poverty and suffering back to its former independence, and it was made of iron to show the national strength. It is a

simple recognition of merit. The Emperor issues these memorials on his birthday, and as Miss Barton was supposed to be in America, her cross was sent to Mr. Fish, then Secretary of State; but search was made for her in vain, and the package went back to Germany and thence to France, to Switzerland, and to England before it found her. She received it in London on a sick-bed, where she had lain prostrate for nearly a year, suffering the penalty of the services which the grateful Emperor was seeking to recognize.

Miss Barton's residence is now at Danville, Livingston County, New York, and if a stranger should call on her there he would find her a gentle, intelligent, companionable lady, familiar with the ways of the world. Her more intimate friends, who have known her in sickness, in trials and under heavy responsibilities, say that she is not capacious or

irritable, but is always "patient in tribulation." Her tenderness extends even to creatures of a lower order, and household animals find in her a fast friend. When her nurse was making war on a wasp in the sick-room she said: "Open the door, and let that poor fellow out. He has n't done any harm, and loves to live and enjoy himself." She has great capacity for large work and great skill in harmonizing jarring interests. The wheels of her enterprises always run smoothly. Unlike Florence Nightingale, with whom she is generally compared, her sympathies do not turn in any one direction, but are for her country, for mankind, for all that suffer. And, whether by the bedside, or on the field of battle, or searching for lost soldiers, or lifting up the great army of the stricken, the end is always the same—it is to relieve distress and to mitigate sorrow and suffering.

## SECOND ADVENTISM IN INDIA.

[In a late number of the *Sunday at Home* is the following story of a prophecy, said to be somewhat extensively believed among the Mohammedans of the Upper Indus. It was related to a British officer in 1853, who was then on duty in Cashmere. The coincidence in it of two subjects now especially prominent in the public mind, is a little remarkable. But in view of the conglomeration of Hindoo, Jewish, corrupt Christian and Mohammedan views prevalent in those parts, it is not at all strange that such a notion should be promulgated and find ready believers].

A YOUNG Moolah came to my hut one afternoon intent on a conversation with a sahib, the first, I think, he had spoken to. He began by telling me of the great wisdom of the Mohammedan priesthood of these parts, and especially about a convocation they lately held when five hundred moolahs had met for considering important subjects.

Two very important questions, in particular, were discussed by opposing schools of thought. One of these was "whether it was right to pray to glorified saints," and the other, "whether they should pray for souls of departed friends." He had fondly hoped that this great assembly of divines would settle these knotty questions forever; but he had been disappointed. Each party had, he said, gone home unconvinced by the other and clinging tenaciously

to its former views. This he seemed to regret deeply.

He then began discussing politics, and asked when the English were to move on Cabul in order to annex it to the British Government. I said I did not know what the Government was thinking about; but he was welcome to my private opinion, and that was that I hoped we would never be found foolish enough to go there again. He said that was an unwise thought, for all men could see that the Government was collecting at Peshawer such store of men and warlike material as are necessary for only such grand expeditions as that. The British had gone to Cabul once before, and why should they not go again. My answer was that they had seen enough of that land to understand that its bare hill-sides yield no revenue, but only hard knocks and endless trouble. They



were, therefore, not likely to put their foot in it again, and subject themselves to the necessity of keeping up a large army there at a ruinous expense. Without a large force the Afghans would certainly never be kept long quiet, and this would eat up the revenues of India that were better spent there.

Failing to convince me that this view of the case was incorrect, he changed his style of address to a serious tone. He said, "Sahib, this is not a matter in which there can be any doubt. The English Government has no choice in its future action, for it is written that you have to go to Cabul." Curious to know what he had to say on the subject, I asked him to explain. He then went on to say that in an ancient book it is written that momentous events are to occur in the world before the year 1883. People with fair complexions and red beards are to come from the other side of the sea, to India, and are to advance through Cabul to the Euphrates. Russian and Turkish armies are to fight there, and in the battle that follows they almost annihilate each other in the bitterness of a religious struggle, and the remnant of the Turkish host retires to an island in the middle of the Euphrates River. While there an "Imam" comes in hot haste, and in great tribulation from Mecca. They know him to be an "Imam" by the extraordinary length of his arms, that reach below his knees. He says that one-eyed Dujal (Satan) who till then was bound in chains in an island of the sea, has been let loose, and is destroying the mosques and the faithful in the Holy City of Mecca. One army is to ask the Imam to lead them against Dujal, who they soon hear has left Mecca, and has gone to "Betel Ma Kuddus," Holy Bethel, the eastern name for Jerusalem. Thither they follow, and on arriving they see "Isah Mussch" (Jesus) descend from heaven and alight on the top of a minaret, reaching the ground by a ladder set for him: All worship him, and beg him to officiate at the afternoon prayers. This he declines to do, saying he has not come to pray, but to destroy "Dujal." He then pursues after Dujal, who tries to escape on his fleet donkey, but the ground becoming soft the ani-

mal can not run, and Dujal is slain. There is then great rejoicing, and in all the world there is peace and happiness for ten thousand years, the people all being true Mussulmans.

Such is the prophecy as the young Huzara moolah had it. I never heard the same story elsewhere; but nothing is more universally believed in by the Mohammedan world than this "Second Coming." The people I have heard talk most of it are the Pathans on the north-western frontier of India. They say they are "Beni Israel" (Children of Israel), and that they came originally from the land of Canaan. In prophecy we read of the kings of the east coming in the last days to re-occupy the land of their forefathers. If these are, as they say; children of the Promise, they will be a fine race that return, for they are a handsome, brave people.

This coming again of our Lord is dimly foreshadowed, too, in the last coming of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, which is so firmly believed in by the heathen people of India. But many of the Hindoos know also that the English Christians are looking for the coming of a great King. While vaccinating some Hindoo children in a village far away from any of our military or civil stations, a fine healthy child was shown to me from whose arm I wished to take some of the lymph to use on others. The mother objected, and I asked one of the men to assist me in convincing the woman of the reasonableness of my request. He gravely began to say why he did not think it right to influence the woman to do as I wished. "You Christians," he said, "are expecting a great king from heaven, and are searching up and down the land for him. He is to be recognized, when a child, by having white instead of red blood, and you are sent to find him."

It is strange to see this expectation of the "Second Coming" among races of men so dissimilar, and to know how, though clouded with error and superstition, the heathen and Mohammedan worlds are waiting for some one to put an end to the half-hearted happiness and many miseries of this passing age.

# "HOLY, HOLY."

Words by BISHOP HEZER.  
Solemnly, and with much force.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, Mus. D.,  
Organist to the University, and of St. John's College, Cambridge.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the Saints a - dore Thee,

3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,  
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - es;

Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; Org.  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty,  
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which

On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and migh - ty,

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty.  
wert, and art, and e - ver-more shalt be.

Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - ty. A - men.

# EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

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## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### THE CHURCH AS A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL FORCE.

#### SECOND PAPER.

THE American nation has become, within less than half a century from the present time, quite another than what it was during the precedent history of the country. During the term of years over which the memory of many still living extends the characteristic type of the American has changed very widely; so that institutions formed by the fathers for communities such as existed in their day have descended to others differing widely in both character and conditions from those for whom they were framed. The natural and necessary changes that accompany the transformation of a primitive and colonial population sparsely scattered over wide extents of territory, used only to the simplest style of living, into compact communities, with thoroughly organized industries, and an advanced civilization, would certainly largely affect the religious character of the people, as well as their social and political affairs. These changed conditions must be taken into the account in our estimates of the influence and action of the Church as a social and political force in the land.

The Church itself came to the close of the nation's first half century under the Federal Constitution a very different something from its earlier self, and as it had been fifty years before. It had not only kept pace with the growth and development of the country, but it had relatively outgrown these. Its organization into well-compacted ecclesiastical bodies—denominations—had been successfully accomplished during the earlier period, and these had become solidified into regular institutions, and their machinery had not only been brought into working order, but also thoroughly tested by continuous and effective use.

As to its outward aspects the Church had indeed somewhat changed, but in its chief

characteristics it remained very nearly the same that it was from the beginning. The liberalizing tendencies of the times and their circumstances had mollified some of the severer features of the old theology, but without detracting from either the integrity of its orthodoxy or the fervor of its evangelism. In their contending for the substance of the faith rather than for its specific forms, the diverse ecclesiastical bodies were drawn more closely together, and the antagonisms of the various sects became greatly mitigated. The idea of the substantial unity of the chief divisions of American Protestants, gradually forced itself into notice and recognition. Religious activities, which at first scarcely extended beyond the local Churches, had become far-reaching in their purposes and organic in their methods. The ministerial force of all the Churches had been enlarged sufficiently to meet immediate demands, and increased in culture and effectiveness to a much larger degree. Houses of worship had been erected all through the land, and all parts of the several Church systems had been strengthened and extended. The agencies of the Church reached pretty effectually to the whole population of the country; and though that population was increasing rapidly, yet the united membership of the principal religious bodies had advanced in a still greater ratio.

The outlook for the Church, at the time referred to, say forty years ago, was decidedly hopeful. As from the first it had been no inconsiderable power in the nation, so now that power, so far from declining with the progress of society, had become relatively greater than ever before. Its means and opportunities for further activities, both aggressive and conservative, were greatly enlarged. Two generations of faithful Christian workers had been setting up the banners of the Church, and providing it with the needed appliances for effective action, had collected and marshaled its hosts,

and already the Church was at work in prosecuting its mission and infusing the Christian element into the forming institutions of the country. But for this increase of power and effectiveness in the Church there were large demands, growing out of the changed and rapidly changing conditions of the social body, and of the incoming of adverse influences and tendencies from various directions.

At the close of the first quarter of the present century the population of the country was almost entirely home born. But even these, the younger children, and the grandchildren of the men and women of the Revolutionary epoch, were widely changed from the original type. Time, with attendant peace and general prosperity had softened the asperities of the former times; and with some abatement of the earlier intense patriotism, came also greater liberality of views and a broader charity. Increase of learning, especially among the common people, wider and more general traveling, and the intercourse of the peoples of remote localities, produced or fostered by commerce, all tended to break down the local prejudices that naturally grew up in times of isolation. A system of home migration had been inaugurated. The people of the older States, especially those of New England, were moving westward, to possess the great West, and to fill that vast and fertile region with the descendants of the Pilgrims. But the emigrant in his new home and among his changed conditions was not the same that he had been among his native hills. In going from home people too often leave behind them many of their most valuable domestic possessions; and to counteract the natural tendency toward barbarism among the emigrants upon the frontiers became an important mission of the Church, and one that was, on the whole, faithfully executed.

During this period the negro element in the population of the country began to be felt as an appreciable ingredient, and it became more and more necessary that it should be recognized as a factor in the social and political problems of the times, and one that because it was especially subject to moral and religious relations, demanded even beyond many others the attention of the Church. Numerically it constituted from a sixth to an eighth of the entire population, and in the southern portion

of the original States it amounted to a third part. Originally the rudest of savages from Africa, they had lived for two or three generations as slaves, and chiefly as agricultural laborers and domestic servants, among the whites, and had thus attained to some, not altogether contemptible, degree of civilization and intelligence. And as they came to this country without either social institutions or religious traditions, whatever they afterward grew to be was purely American. Until about fifty years ago African slavery in America was chiefly a domestic institution. The slaves belonged to the household, and as such they rendered their services, and enjoyed the personal advantages incident to their condition. But a great change in all these things began to be felt about that time, by reason of simultaneous changes in the industries of the Southern States. The sudden development of the trade in cotton produced at once a most thorough revolution in the character of slavery and the condition of the slaves. Both the agriculture and commerce of the country were almost entirely changed, and these changes also very largely affected the form of society, and the political and even the religious sentiments of the people. Slavery itself passed from its simple domestic character into a commercial factor; the plantation and the factory took the place of the household, and the slaves themselves became simply commodities in the market, still held and used as property, but no longer recognized as persons. The opening of the South-west, by the removal of the Indian tribes, with its marvelous fertility, effectually mobilized the slave populations of the older States, ruthlessly breaking up their *quasi* family relations, and scattering them in working gangs over the prairies of the South-west, with no facilities for their personal or social welfare, and only such physical provisions as were necessary to their industrial effectiveness or financial values. This new industry affected the older slave States scarcely less than the new ones, changing them into breeding States, and transforming Maryland and Virginia and the Carolinas into a new Slave Coast, from which to supply the suppressed foreign slave-trade of the colonial times. Thus, the mitigating qualities of the original domestic slavery were largely eliminated, and only its mercenary characteristic remained.



Nothing could by any possibility be more directly and intensely antagonistic to the best sentiments of the American people, not only religious and moral, but also social and political, than was the animating spirit of the institution of slavery in its transformed character and actions. Against it both the political and the religious sentiments of the nation uttered their protest, or vainly sought to mitigate its evils. But its commercial value sufficed successfully to silence the protests of statesmen, and very nearly to stifle the remonstrances of the Church. Nearly, but not altogether; while the slave-power seemed to be almost omnipotent in both State and Church, there was yet a Mordecai sitting at the King's gate, to alarm the guilty fears of the proud oppressor. In the flush of criminal success a quiet voice was heard merely to whisper, "It is not lawful." The outraged conscience of the American people, and of which conscience the Church was especially the subject, and its impelling and guiding force, withheld its approval from the flagrantly iniquitous slave system; and though it had fortified its positions by all the forms of political and social and ecclesiastical defenses, that power was fatal to it. The development and increase of the system hastened its overthrow, because its spirit was essentially antagonistic to that of the Church. But though overthrown by the forms of law its *virus* still permeates the social body, and dominates the political; and thoroughly to eliminate this is one of the Herculean labors devolved upon the Church at this time, and in the immediate future.

As late as 1830, as before observed, the population of the country was almost wholly of American nativity, though even at that date the current of an increasing immigration had begun to be felt. But during the next decade the influx of foreigners was comparatively light. From 1840 to 1850, it was largely increased, owing to the condition of things in some parts of Europe, notably the famine in Ireland and the political troubles in Germany; and yet by the census of the latter year it appeared that of an aggregate population of almost twenty millions, only a little over two millions were of foreign birth, of whom nearly one-half were Irish, and more than a fourth part were Germans. During the next decade occurred a much greater influx of foreigners, still chiefly

Irish and German, but the latter now surpassing the former; so that in 1860, more than an eighth of the population were of foreign birth. These were not distributed equally over the country, and mingled with the older populations; but are grouped in particular localities, in the principal cities of the country, and in the chief centers of trade and manufactures, in some of which they have the numerical preponderance. In character nearly all of these are thoroughly and intensely anti-American. Most of the Irish immigrants were Roman Catholics of the very worst type, as judged by American ideas—unlettered, superstitious, and loving to be priest-ridden; while the Germans were partly of a like class, and partly made up of infidels and communists of the most pestilent kind. While, therefore, the American Church found itself somewhat re-enforced by the foreign born Protestants that came to it, for an immigrant, if truly a Protestant, becomes an American at once, and is scarcely to be distinguished from the native mass into which he comes, it also found itself confronted by two alien elements, each consolidated by its distinctive characteristics, in opposition to the tendencies and spirit of American Christianity. These alien bodies (foreigners in character quite as much as in birth) are now standing obstacles in the way of our Christian progress; and to counterwork their evil influences is among the difficult duties of the Church, in order to conserve our traditional national character.

As during these later times the faith of the Church has somewhat changed in its outward aspects and forms of expression, but retained all of its essential traits unchanged, so, too, the forms of unbelief have changed, and especially so its manners, while its substance is ever the same. The ribald infidelity of the post-revolutionary period, which, indeed, never had any respectable standing, has given place to a polished rationalistic skepticism. This largely tempers the popular literature, is fashionable in high places, and has even found a place in the pulpit. This fact makes it necessary that the *protestant* attitude of the Church should no longer simply array itself against the Church of Rome, for enemies equally dangerous in their character and quite as formidable as antagonists confront her from the opposite side. Now, as ever, its militant

character has need to be declared and vindicated by its pronounced and earnestly active opposition to all the false teachings and misleading pretensions of "advanced thought." Into this conflict the Church has indeed entered with an heroic zeal that is the pledge of certain and continuous victory. And because its doctrines are precisely those upon which, as a foundation, are built both the family and the State, and especially because their solemn sanctions to right and duty are the surest guarantees of a wholesome morality, as the conservator of the truths of religion, the Church becomes also the protector of the morals of society and the guardian of the public peace.

The condition and methods of POPULAR EDUCATION are very closely related to the social and political interests of the community; and especially so, in such a one as is the American Republic. It has also been very generally conceded that with this the Church ought especially to concern itself. And yet in the very presence of the Church, and with its consent, openly or tacitly given, there has grown up in the country a system of purely secular education for the masses. Because of the conceded value of and necessity for general intelligence among the people, and in the absence of any ecclesiastical system established by law, and subject to the control of the civil government, it seemed requisite that the secular government should establish for itself a like system of popular education. Doing this was simply following out to a practical result in that direction the genius of the country's fundamental laws in respect to religion; that is, non-intervention. Since the Church was left free to pursue her own methods and to pay her own expenses, so now, in providing a system of education for the masses, it seemed necessary to maintain the same separate independence. To this the Church assents, first, because of the necessities of the case; and next because there had not before been enough of religious force in the primary schools of the country to occasion any special regret at the idea of giving up the pretense of any. The people of this country have accepted the experiment of a purely secular system of primary schools, to be ordered and paid for by the State, because no other kind of public schools seemed possible under the government, and, because

it is believed that such a system is, on the whole, preferable to any other that is at all practicable. But they have done this, not from any undervaluing of the effectiveness of religion as a social and political force; but with the conviction that with such a system of schools the power of religion can still be made effective. It is believed that, in itself, increased intelligence tends to make men better, though it is not denied that without accompanying moral restraints, its powers may be rendered pernicious. But while it is granted that the school-master shall not be constituted a religious teacher, and that the secular school shall confine its attention to secular learning, this is assented to, because it is held that there are other and much better agencies in society for securing religious instruction to all who will receive them. Beyond all else the family is the best possible school for that purpose; and next to the family is the Church, among whose highest and most sacred duties is the religious nurture of its children and youth. These are divinely ordained agencies for the accomplishment of this work, and it may well be questioned whether it is at any time lawful for either of these to devolve so high and delicate a duty upon any others. And this state of the case, therefore, calls all the more earnestly for the presence of the directing hand and influence of the Church in the education of the children and youth of the land; and since this can not be done directly in the public schools the proper agencies of the Church should be all the more diligently and earnestly employed.

In all the departments of intermediate and higher education, the Church has continued to act, both directly and indirectly. Into these institutions the voluntary element enters much more freely than into the primary or common schools, and for that reason the Church's influences are more directly present in them. It is a notable and gratifying fact that the common sentiments of the people have so generally called for religious men for governors and teachers in the higher schools of the land, and that from the ranks of the Christian ministry have been drawn most of those to whose care has been committed the education of the most highly cultured classes. And it is equally remarkable that this state of the case, which might have seemed at first to be

a necessity on account of the paucity of educated men, has not at all changed, though properly qualified scholars have become abundant beyond the public demand. At this point especially (and it is the key to the whole social position) the Church stands forth as the grand controlling social and political force.

It is often claimed, and with show of reason, that because of the growth of other agencies for popular instruction, the power of the pulpit has relatively declined. It is said that the press has become a great power in society and a formidable rival to the pulpit in the propagation and direction of public opinion. But without at all antagonizing that declaration, it is not to be denied that the pulpit is still the greatest popular force in the country, and that nothing can possibly succeed against its decided and emphatic censure. Nor is its a waning and departing power; but rather the contrary, for probably never before has its voice been so potent in public affairs as it is now. Nor is the Church confined to the pulpit as a means of operating upon the public intelligence and conscience. The press itself is among its most largely used and highly effective agencies. Such has always been the case ever since the finger of God wrote the law on tables of stone. The earliest use of the printing press was to multiply copies of the Bible, a work in which it has persevered with remarkable persistency, while of other departments of religious reading there has at all times been a disproportionate share of the aggregate products of the press. Even in its latest and most immediately effective form, that of the newspaper, the Church is deriving its full share of advantages, and is operating most effectively in the molding of the character of the nation. The influences sent forth through this channel are second only to the pulpit in their effectiveness over the public mind.

Till comparatively recently there was in fact but one form of Church life sufficiently developed to require recognition. But, as has been shown, another of a widely different character has been set up, and though an exotic as to its origin, yet it has taken root and is becoming naturalized. Though essentially alien to both as its *personnel* and its character, it is actually present, and it is the recognized form of faith of one-seventh of the inhabitants

of the country. They are found chiefly in the cities of the land, which fact gives them for immediate use a disproportionate amount of influence as compared with the rural population, but probably not so for permanent and future effectiveness; for if the people of the cities usually govern in the nation, the descendants of those who live in the rural districts are pretty sure to govern in the next generation. It is quite evident, however, that there is to be a naturalized Roman Catholicism in this country, of a modified type perhaps, and mitigated in its character, yet a real Romanism, other than and opposed to our traditional national Church life and spirit. This, too, must be recognized as no contemptible social and political force, with which the Church of the American fathers must contend for the protection and enjoyment of the privileges handed down to the present generation.

The AFRICO-AMERICANS are also so considerable an element in our population that they can not be safely ignored. They make up about an eighth part of our entire nation—too many to be either deported or exterminated, they are here to remain, and they must all along through the future be taken account of as a constant quantity in all the problems of the country's affairs. They are quiet and eminently submissive to government, American in all their ideas and impulses, and Protestant in all their religious thoughts and tendencies. Whatever of moral and religious power they may now possess, or may hereafter attain to, may be safely reckoned as sure to be on the side of the Church; and whether they shall become a power for good in all the land, or shall degenerate into a corrupt and corrupting race of Pariahs, will depend largely upon the fidelity or infidelity of the country and the Church to the duties owed by a superior to a (temporarily) inferior race of citizens and fellow Christians.

This estimate of the composition and of the various characteristics of the diverse classes of the population of the country brings to view some of the peculiar difficulties that confront the Church in its work for the purification and elevation of society. The unfriendly elements are indeed many and formidable, calling for the exercise of all the Church's moral powers. And the demand thus made is emphasized by

the consideration that only moral forces can save the commonwealth from certain ruin, and that only with the Church does this conservative moral influence reside. That it will prove itself equal to the emergency may be devoutly and even confidently hoped; and yet it should not be forgotten that even in the Church itself and in its circumstances and relations as well, there are many and fearful causes of moral and spiritual inefficiency. A few of these may be briefly referred to.

(1) The Church is living so very near to the world, that its moral force is in danger of being unfavorably affected by the proximity. The improvement of the morals and manners of society in general has been accompanied by a simultaneous approximation of the Church in its exterior manners to the world, so that the light of the Church, shining out to reprove the polished ungodliness of society, has become dimmed, and with external conformity to the world comes almost necessarily an increased spirit of worldliness, with covetousness and worldly ambitions and love of pleasure and the decline of spiritual mindedness and zeal for the promotion of true godliness.

(2) That there has been a decline of the *heroic element* in the Church, and especially in the ministry, is too manifest to be called in question. There may, indeed, be compensating gains in other things; but it is certain that the spirit of self-forgetfulness is not the distinctive characteristic of the evangelical ministry of these times. The changes that have occurred in general society have, to a great extent, shut up the ministers in their parishes, where they have quite naturally become unaggressive and not remotely conformed to the world about them. The Christian ministry has come to be recognized as a social order, *respectability* has been forced upon it, and with this has come a demand for a corresponding bearing of the ministry toward polite society. Even ministers of the Gospel fear to offend those by whom they are treated with a gentle courtesy, and it requires exceptional moral courage and conscientious fidelity to enable such to reprove respectable sins. At this point it must be conceded that the Church has been robbed of her pristine strength. To a sad extent it may be said that the strong man has rested his head in the lap of the charmer, and she has shorn him of his strength.

(3) A great change has come over the character of *religious thought* in these last years, and that has not a little affected the tone and manner of the pulpit for the worse. The teachings of the pulpit have become quite too largely apologetic, and arguments to prove its doctrines true have, to a damaging extent, taken the place of confident statements, based on the all-sufficient authority of the Divine Word. A new and enfeebling ethical philosophy has also come into vogue, which may be detected in the utterances of the pulpit, modifying and emasculating all the great doctrines of the Gospel. SIN, and its recompense—ATONEMENT and grace, the life of faith and eternal life—all these are softened down and smoothed away, till little of their native force and vigor remains; while the dark side of the way of wrong doing, both present and future, is left unnamed in the background—ignored, rather than either denied or enforced. It is not the fashion of the pulpit in these times to be either definitely dogmatic or severely ethical. The people are not now as formerly instructed in the truths set forth in the Scriptures, nor is the authority of the Gospel brought to bear with its proper emphasis upon the ordinary affairs of life. And so far as this is the case the Church fails of its high mission and society suffers.

But after confessing all these unfavorable conditions it may still be claimed that the case is far from being a hopeless or even a discouraging one. The place of evangelical Protestantism in American society is one of great power and enlarged possibilities, and, notwithstanding the changes heretofore noted that form of faith and of Christian life is still specifically and eminently the religion of the country. Its doctrines have become embedded in the unformulated and not always consciously recognized beliefs of nearly all classes of people, by virtue of which the Church stands upon a high vantage ground. Even those who make no formal religious profession are nevertheless largely influenced by the truths of divine revelation and the demands of the moral law.

The great majority of professing believers, proportionately more numerous than ever before, are such from deep and conscientious convictions. There are but few and inconsiderable secular advantages in religious profes-



sion, and men do not often become Church-members from simply worldly motives. And because they have fixed convictions and abiding sentiments in favor of their religion, they are prepared to make sacrifices for it. They also have confidence in its effectiveness, and use it with the full assurance that it will do good wherever it comes.

The ministry of the evangelical denominations of the present time is, as compared with any former period, both able and devoted to its work. Granting, if needful, that this is not true of every one, nor of all the better class in equal degrees, the general statement, as first made remains true. And there is also great unanimity in accepting the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. With the almost unbounded freedom of speculative thinking now in vogue it would be strange were there not occasional instances of eccentricities of thought and of crude and presumptuous opinionatedness; and yet probably at no former time has there been a more general and intelligent assent to all the great truths of religion among both the ministers and laymen of the Churches.

Though often sadly and sometimes culpably remiss in its treatment of prevalent and tolerated sins; yet, as a whole, the voice of the Church is, and ever has been, plainly and effectively on the side of the right. It was the spirit and the voice of the Church, informally rather than officially uttered, that made the perpetuation of slavery impossible; and that same spirit and voice is still the hope of the oppressed and defrauded freedmen. It has spoken in tones at once not uncertain and loudly emphatic against the diabolical iniquity and the desolating scourge of intemperance, till at length the practice of drinking and the business of manufacturing and selling intoxicating liquors has fallen quite under the ban of the Church. Against abuses and

crimes in high places as well as in low, it is accustomed to speak out earnestly and with the authority of those who are entitled to speak in the name of the Lord, and the people hear and regard what is so declared to them. But while it is claimed that the Church and the pulpit should be an effective power for the right side in all public questions, evidently great care must be used to avoid all forms of complication with political affairs. The moral power of the Church depends on its independence, and the obvious unselfishness of its purposes and actions. It is not by its formal legislation nor its specific disciplinary action that the power of the Church is chiefly made effective in favor of the right, but in its distinctly and solemnly uttered testimony; and that testimony appealing every-where to both the public and the individual conscience is steadily exercising the most wholesome and conservative influences in society.

Our survey shows us that though the Church is with a good degree of fidelity fulfilling its high mission, acting successfully as "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world," there remains very much to be done before its whole work will be accomplished. It has need still, as always, to maintain its militant character and attitude. The enemies of the truth and the right are many and strong, and the powers of this world, the corruptions of society, and the sinfulness of depraved men, are perversely and persistently operating against the best interests of both society and individuals. There is now, as always, need of undaunted courage and unconquerable zeal, guided by wisdom, tempered with devotion, and inspired with faith in God, and in his means and agencies for doing good. And with these properly employed, the success of the Church in the world, and its effectiveness in blessing all men is assured, for so the mouth of the Lord has spoken.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GEORGE ELIOT.—The very recent decease of this woman's illustrious husband, the great English writer of speculative philosophy, George Henry Lewes, brings her name more prominently to the public's mind just now, and it may not therefore be inappropriate to say a word here of George Eliot's *personnel*. She is certainly one of the few women of our era whose works will remain permanently in the history of English "letters." Although her pen has been principally employed in the weaving together of fiction-threads, she has yet succeeded so well that she is already counted among the most illustrious of England's authors, and the end is not yet. She is described, by a recent visitor at the charming home death has so recently made desolate, as a woman who looks as if she had passed her fiftieth year. Her hair is dark brown, and has none of those silver threads one might expect where the burden of half a century of years is added to incessant labor, and experiences full of desolation. She is not at all handsome; her face is long and very pale, with a small, sensitive mouth; eyes dreamy, introspective, and sad always. Her hair is worn low over her intellectual forehead, and her slender figure has no robust energy about it. George Eliot's is the energy of the mind, not of physical power. She is one of the most accomplished of amateur pianists in England, and a first-rate linguist, and seems to know as much about the healing art, history, and philosophy. What the witty Mrs. French said of Madame de Stael—that she is consolingly ugly—applies to George Eliot; but her plain features are made beautiful by her expression. She composes slowly, not more than sixty lines a day; and report says that while writing she must be scrupulously arranged as to surroundings and persons. The nervous exhaustion which has invariably followed all her literary efforts has usually been relieved by a visit to the Continent, where she has been frequently seen, in the last ten years especially. Her husband was her constant companion, and it very rarely occurred to outsiders to consider him the greater of the two, although he is widely celebrated as the writer of a history of philos-

ophy, which evinces a strong Hegelian tendency, and stamps Lewes as the best English interpreter of that school of speculation, and although he was universally recognized in the English-speaking world as the best interpreter of Goethe, and his memoir of this great German poet is pronounced, even by the Germans, as the best ever written in any language. But wonderful as Mrs. Lewes is as an authoress, she has yet hitherto seemed most attractive to all who came into her presence as the woman of her home, the clever wife, the perfect housekeeper. That attraction lost, we shall encounter hereafter only the most vigorous intellect of woman in our century and tongue.

AUSTRIA'S EMBASSADORS AT PARIS.—Time was when to be an ambassador at the court of France was about as great an honor as a man could enjoy who did not have a crown fall to him. In the days of the great Louis and his successors, Paris was the center of political attraction, and when Napoleon the First established imperial rule the sun shone for diplomates at Paris only. And what a place the French capital must have been then! The whole world sent its best representatives to be schooled at the Court of the Franks. Yet, strange as it may seem, it was not a Frenchman who ruled at Paris, but an Austrian. Prince Metternich, the ambassador of the Hapsburgs, avowedly or virtually led the diplomates then at the French Court. He who wishes to know the history of Europe in the early opening of our century must read it in the life of Prince Metternich. It is of that period of European history, the real thread—a thread now and then snapped or worn; but knotted together again for more pearls of policy to be strung on. The French never lose their ambition. They have been repeatedly humiliated since those "grand" days of the first empire, and there is no Metternich now at Paris. But MacMahon is at the head, and he has seen service too long under the empire not to be full of imperial ideas of greatness; and Count von Beust is there as Austrian Ambassador, and he, of all European diplomates, is most fit to revive the Macchiavellian

policy of his country's ancient representative. What could ever have induced the Marshal to wish for this pot-house politician, no one outside of the French President's counsel will be likely to understand, but then Beust has been asked for and he has come, and we may now look for Austrian supremacy at Paris. But after all what can come of it?

**EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY IN AUSTRIA.**—Of all the empires of Europe that of the Hapsburgers has longest withstood the inroads of an Evangelical Christianity. Romanism alone has hitherto had her way in Austria, and Protestantism has been simply suffered to hide in corners and out of the way places. But at last Bibles and Christian literature are selling openly in the highways, and the voice of the preacher of the Gospel is not hushed by a howling mob of priest-ridden fanatics. There are, of course, a thousand restrictions to hamper the progress of the truth; but the door of Austria is at last ajar, and the zealous missionaries of the Cross will enter in. Besides regular services in Lutheran and Reformed Churches, there are now in Vienna three places where Sunday evening Bible lectures are delivered. Even Sunday-school work has been begun, and is, though slowly, yet steadily gaining ground. But how strange it sounds to us to be told that in order to keep within the requirements of the law each child attending the Sunday-school must bring from the parent or guardian a written acceptance of the superintendent's invitation. Even this precaution is not always sufficient to prevent persecution. A missionary to the Jews has been recently called several times before the court because one of his teachers gave a poor Catholic boy a New Testament. The case has been adjourned in the hope of finding a paragraph by which to fine the teacher or close the school. Had several copies been given he could then be fined for distributing Scriptures contrary to law. In the face of such narrowness the privilege cheerfully granted by the military authorities in Vienna, Gratz, and other cities, to give the sick and wounded soldiers Gospels and tracts, is very gratifying. So many languages are spoken in Austria that one visiting a single hospital needs to be supplied with Christian literature in at least six languages. In Olmutz, Moravia, there are some two thousand Turkish prisoners, who

have gladly welcomed Gospels and tracts. Arrangements are also completed in Boania for pushing forward there a vigorous Bible work. In Bruen, the Rev. Mr. Schauflier has received permission to hold private services in his house. By the terms of the decree all children between six and fourteen are excluded, and no one is admitted without a ticket. But how long will these human devices restrict the march of the Lord?

**PROGRESSIVE JAPAN.**—That little Asiatic country is pushing ahead quietly but steadily with her industries, and much faster than some people will like. The large cotton mills and spinning factory erected at Sakai several years ago are in successful operation. A visitor to these establishments reports that the buildings are very substantial, and that they are provided with good machinery. In the factory there were employed about one hundred and fifty hands. In considering the conditions of successful foreign trade, it will not do much longer for Western nations to overlook what the people of the East are doing for themselves not only in Japan, but in China and India.

**WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE EAST.**—The influence of women in the East in the remote past must have been greater than is generally supposed. Mr. E. Thomas, in a paper lately read before the Asiatic Society, London, has shown that it was common in the ancient world to name children after the mother rather than after the father, and that this custom prevails in certain portions of the East at the present day. He gave examples of this usage from Lycia, Caria, Etruria, Persia, ancient and modern India, Ceylon, etc.

**AN ANGLICAN BISHOP'S COMMENTS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT.**—The dedication of a new church at Dunstone, near Wolverhampton, gave the Bishop of Manchester an excellent opportunity to express his views on Ritualism, and the other irregular tendencies in the Anglican Church, and this is the way he is reported to have taken the occasion to dwell at some length on the great changes that had come over the establishment during the past fifty years. Whilst he could not say that all the changes made within the half decade were giving signs for good, undeniably a great change had taken place, which, he doubted

not, would lead to the extension of religion among the people. As compared with fifty years ago, religion was now more widely diffused than formerly; the congregations were more numerous, and the services in the Church were more ornate. In so far as this represented homage to God, it was of course exceedingly commendable, but he was very much afraid there was a disposition at the present day to place too much reliance on the externals of worship. There was much discussion about re-

ligion over the walnuts and wine in the drawing-room, but whether that was a gain to the Church he could not say. Referring to the two different schools of thought in the Church and the difference between the type of the old-fashioned evangelical clergymen and the Ritualists, his lordship said the Ritualists of the present day seemed to lack that simplicity and largeness of mind and faith which so greatly distinguished the early founders of the Oxford, or Tractarian movement of the Puseyites.

## ART.

### MR. HAMMERTON'S TURNER.

MR. HAMMERTON'S "Life of Turner" does all possible kindly things for the reputation of this eccentric artist. The loving tenderness with which the author treats some of the most repulsive characteristics of Turner's career argues well for the generosity and nobility of the heart; even though biographic justice might require that stronger terms of condemnation be used respecting conduct sometimes inexcusably mean and plainly reprehensible. "Speak well of the dead," is a maxim full alike of charity and good sense. The most highly gifted and virtuous of men have foibles and are guilty of indiscretions which, with skillful manipulation by an unkindly biographer, might be magnified into most execrable vices. It is well, therefore, for charity's sake, that the biographer be in somewhat loving sympathy with the character and work of him whose life he would portray. We are aided more in our life work by kindly encouragement than by unkindly criticism. The bright side of earthly experience and work warms us into life, and kindles hope that we, too, may not remain vulgar and useless. Nevertheless, the duty of the biographer is very sacred, and his responsibility most solemn, since scarcely any other class of writing is more eagerly sought or more powerfully influences the reader, than a well drawn biography. The study of man is not only the *proper* but the *favorite* study of mankind. It is of deepest concern, therefore, that the actions of public men should not be treated with indifference, but rather so presented that virtue may feel a proper

stimulus, and vice receive deserved rebuke. While apologies for offensive eccentricities may argue noble qualities in a friend, these can hardly be regarded appropriate or morally expedient in a candid biographer. When judicial blindness has been partially induced by warm friendship or ardent admiration, or when the man's positive vices have been hidden by the resplendent glories of his art, then there is great danger that the high purposes of biography may be missed. We do not say that Mr. Hammerton has made this last mistake; but it does seem that he has approximated the above limit, and, like the earlier admirer and defender of Turner, Mr. Ruskin, he has been most kind to his subject, and has been led to indulge in much fine writing whose exact justice may not pass unchallenged by the more severe critics. The following in regard to Turner's burial place is certainly very touching: "It can matter little where the stiffened hand and the sightless eyes of a dead landscape painter may rest from their pleasure and their toil. For some, who have loved Sylvan nature truly, it may be appropriate that the 'shadows of the silver birch,' or some other beautiful or noble forest tree of their native land, should 'sweep the green that folds their grave;' that light and shadow should 'ever wander' over it, that rain should make music in the tree, and the woodbine and eglantine drip their dews, and the brooding bee chaunt sweeter tones than calumny. There are many humble nature-loving landscape painters for whom such a grave would be most fitting; others should rest beneath the imme-



morial oaks of Fontainebleau, or in the recesses

'Of the deep forest glades of Broceliando  
Through whose green boughs the golden sunshine creeps,  
Where Merlin by the enchanted thorn-tree sleeps.'

For Constable we feel that Hamstead Church-yard was suitable, as he loved the place, but that a quiet church-yard in his own Suffolk would have been more suitable still. Gainsborough sleeps well in the little green at Kew; Millet and Rousseau in a little village cemetery nearest to their own humble Barbizon. Why should not Turner have been laid in some place where nature is beautiful, and where he had studied lovingly—in that valley of the Wharfe, for instance, which he could never mention without tears? The answer to such suggestions is, that he lies in the place chosen by himself, the place most suitable to his character, and in reality also to his preferences and pursuits. Of all painters known to us he was, if not the most ambitious, certainly the one whose ambition was the least concealed. To lie under the great Cathedral, by the side of Reynolds, gratified his ambition more than to take his rest in the prettiest church-yard in Yorkshire. Again, he was only occasionally, and as it were by chance, a rustic painter. London was his birthplace, the dome of St. Paul's had been a familiar object to him from his infancy, and he had drawn or painted cities from his earliest youth. Even the very architecture of St. Paul's is in harmony with the painter's classical taste and associations. He drew Gothic architecture when he had to deal with it as a matter of business in a view of some English or French city; but whenever he had to *invent* architecture for one of his composed pictures it was invariably classical."

#### GENERAL DI CESNOLA'S LECTURES.

WE are glad to see that General di Cesnola has not only published a sumptuous volume on "Cyprus: its Ancient Arts and History," in which the objects, now happily collected into the Metropolitan Museum of Art, were so pleasantly introduced to the public notice, but has supplemented these efforts by the more popular method of lectures in Chickering Hall. It is an encouraging fact that these lectures have awakened very marked attention on the part of many of our best metropolitan scholars. We visited this collection at Larnica

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in 1869, and, in common with a company of scholarly American travelers, expressed to General di Cesnola the earnest wish that his collection might find a final resting-place within the borders of the Government which he had so honorably represented in the office of consul. At that time we could hardly say that we entertained any good hope that this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, would be reached. Even then Cyprus had been visited by agents of several royal museums and archaeological collections for the purpose of securing certain most valuable and unique objects of this museum. Generous offers were made for these, but the owner steadily persisted in his refusal to break up the collection into fragments—regarding it of vastly greater importance to science that these works should be kept together. No thanks to our Government, but a thousand thanks to a few noble men of liberal views, that America has secured this collection in perpetuity, and that it is already doing for us just that work, the materials for which were before so completely lacking.

In the course of these lectures General di Cesnola is bringing to the examination of these remains that subtle, comparative criticism which is the great glory of our times, and that has enabled us to distinguish fact from fable, and to reproduce with great vividness the features of ancient civilizations. Take the following examination of the origin of certain statuary which seems to antedate the Greek occupancy of Cyprus:

The first thing that surprises a student of ancient art in the Cyprus collections is this, that some of the statues look Egyptian, others Assyrian, and others Greek; yet beneath this appearance of diversity there is much in the statues I discovered in the ruins of the temple of Golgos that is common to them all, and is neither of Egyptian nor of Assyrian origin. To begin with, they are all sculptured in the round, and are statues properly so called. But in Assyria no statues in the round have ever been discovered, unless we dignify with that name two or three figures that are more like dolls, made to be covered with real drapery, as are the Madonnas on festal days in Italy. It was in sculpture in relief that the Assyrians excelled; and of their excellence in this, abundant evidence was found by Layard at Nineveh. That the Assyrians with all

their artistic skill should never have thought of making statues in round seems a most curious circumstance, until we recollect the great scarcity of stone in their country. The Assyrians had bricks, wood, copper, and bronze enough for their buildings, but as regards stone, so very limited was their supply that they were compelled to restrict its use to facing-slabs for the walls of their palaces, and on these slabs they could execute only reliefs. Tradition states that the Assyrians had statues in the round, made of bronze of colossal size, but probably they were few, so very few that not one single fragment of one of them has as yet been discovered, and, on the whole, it will be safe to conclude that the art of statuary, strictly speaking, was unknown to the Assyrians. Thus, then, although there are numerous figures from Cyprus which look distinctly to an Assyrian type, we must bear in mind that the first idea of them must have been derived from elsewhere.

So again, many of the statues from Cyprus appear to be entirely Egyptian. In Egypt there was no scarcity of stone. In fact, the inhabitants of the banks of the Nile were the greatest nation of stone-builders and stone-workers of the ancient world. It is beyond doubt that the early Greeks learned much of their stone work from the Egyptians, as, for example, the remains of the pyramids in Argos testify. But then the Egyptian stone consisted of hard granite, which cost long labor and great expense to render useful, and one of the consequences of this was, that in Egypt, as in Assyria, statues sculptured altogether in round were comparatively rare. Very frequently the Egyptian figures are in such high relief as to be practically statues in appearance. Still, statues they are not. No doubt the Egyptians came very near to statuary, but it was not their natural element, and it can scarcely be said, therefore, that the sculptors of the Cyprus statues which seem to be altogether Egyptian could have obtained their idea from Egypt.

Among the civilized nations of antiquity, it was the Greeks who first took to sculpture in the round, and it is from their success in that branch of art that they have gained a renown which apparently will never be eclipsed. It was the Greeks who first successfully made in stone a figure of a man cut free all round and

standing independently on his own feet. Nor is this so very strange when we come to think how well the fact coincides with what we know of them in other ways. It reminds us of their public institutions, in which each citizen in Greece stood free to be judged on his own merits all round. There was no such thing as public freedom for individuals until they fought for it and established it as their inalienable right. So it was in sculpture; there was no free standing statue for which the Greek artist could conceive a high ideal type. Every-where conditions were attached which repressed whatever artistic ardor he might possess. The best work of Egypt and Assyria is always more or less associated with tyranny, while the best work of Greece is inseparably connected in all respects with the idea of freedom, but always freedom within certain bounds, as limits which have been discovered by the experience of ages to be absolutely necessary. It could only have been, then, from the Greeks that the Cypriote artists derived the original idea of statues in the round, however much in detail they may have copied from Egyptians and Assyrians.

#### GOVERNMENTAL AID—HOW POSSIBLE.

It is difficult to refrain from comments on the subject suggested by the excavation and final deposit in New York of the Cesnola Museum. It is to be noted that it was all accomplished by the energy of one man in its collection, and by private munificence in its purchase and location in our country. No government aid was had in all this splendid work which has brought so much reputation to the country and so much inspiration to some of our scholars. There is one single point of contact with the Government, namely, General di Cesnola was consul to the little town of Larnica. Out of this happy appointment has come this good result. If the general Government can not cherish the theory that it is one of its most important functions to aid and stimulate the culture and the artistic capabilities of the people by expenditures from the treasury in fitting out scientific expeditions and collecting art and archaeological treasures, is it too much to expect that the President may take much pains to nominate to consulates scholarly men who shall occupy their leisure time, not in dissipation and in

groveling indulgence, as has been too often the case, but in such useful and noble study as may be suggested by the opportunities of their station? If the Federal Government can not be induced to appropriate money to excavate some of these grand centers of art, as the Prussian Government is doing so successfully, why not station at Jerusalem an enthusiastic Biblical scholar, or some devoted Orientalist, who would count it a chief joy to spend a few years in the midst of scenes and opportunities

so helpful; at Cairo a zealous Egyptologist; at Athens an ardent Hellenist; at Bombay or Calcutta an ambitious Sanskrit scholar; at Florence, Venice, and Naples, men all full of love of history and art, who would honor our country by contributions to her literature and by improving her scholarship, as well as by protecting the interests of American citizens and encouraging American commerce? Some of this good work has been done; more might be accomplished by judicious appointments.

## NATURE.

THE ALIASES OF A WELL-KNOWN FISH.—Professor Goode has recently called the attention of naturalists to the fact that a certain well-known fish of the Atlantic coast has a large and most confusing number of *aliases*. The technical name is *Brevoortia tyrannus*; the most usual name is perhaps *menhaden*, though no less than thirty distinct popular names are applied to this fish, most of them being limited within narrow geographical boundaries. To this circumstance may be attributed the prevailing ignorance regarding its habits and migrations, which has, perhaps, prevented the more extensive utilization of this fish, particularly in the Southern States. It accounts for the extraordinary blunder of the compilers of the fishery statistics of the census of the United States for 1870, in which the oils produced from the white-fish of the great lakes and the white-fish of Connecticut are classed as identical—a blunder which is followed by a number of others of the same character, and quite as certain to mislead. The name “menhaden” is exclusively used in Southern Massachusetts, where it probably originated. In Maine it is the “pogy;” about Cape Ann, the “hard-head” and “hard-head shad;” along the eastern part of the Connecticut shore it is the “bony fish;” along the western part of the shore the “white fish;” about New York and throughout New Jersey, it is the “moss-bunker;” in the Delaware Bay, the Potomac, and Chesapeake Bay it is the “alewife” and “green tail;” in Virginia it is the “bug-fish;” in North Carolina the “fat-back;” farther south it is the “yellow-tail,” the “yellow-tailed shad;” and in

Florida the “shiner,” and the “herring.” Also in Maine sometimes “panhagen” and “poghaden” are heard. Sometimes also “pogie” and “porgie.” The name “moss-bunker” presents various modifications, such as “moss-bonker,” “mass-banker,” “mouse-bunker,” “marsh-bunker,” “marsh-banker,” “morse-bunker,” and finally, for short, “bunker,” as at the eastern end of Long Island. In addition to all these the manufactures in Port Monmouth, New Jersey, who prepare the menhaden as an article of food, packed in cans, have felt it their duty, or perhaps their interest, to add to this long list a few more names—“trade names”—so that the eaters of “American sardines,” “American club-fish,” “shadines,” and “ocean trout,” may have been in delightful ignorance of the fact that they have been eating plain “menhaden.”

OYSTER CULTURE.—Captain Patterson, of the United States Coast Survey, has lately initiated a very important undertaking in connection with the work of the survey, namely, in determining the extent and position of the oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay, primarily with reference to the formation of oyster reefs, and their interference with navigation, but broad enough in its scope to serve as the basis of a critical investigation of the whole subject of the oyster fisheries in the United States. It is somewhat curious that the best article upon the statistics and distribution of the oyster in America is from the pen of Captain Broca, a French officer sent over some years ago by his government to investigate this

subject. The work is being prosecuted in the Chesapeake Bay by the Coast Survey steamer *Palinurus*. Particular attention is given to the natural history features, such as the embryology and development of the oyster. The survey will be subsequently extended to other parts of the coast. For the better purpose of furnishing the required data for a critical investigation of the subject the party, in addition to determining the depth of water in which the beds are situated, will secure samples of the water itself, with specimens of the oyster, and the temperature and currents will be observed, the whole work being conducted in accordance with the best principles of modern research.

**LAKE-DWELLINGS IN BAVARIA.**—In the Barmsee, a small lake situated in the Bavarian mountains, near the villages of Mittenwald and Krun, not far from the Austrian frontier, numerous piles, dating from prehistoric lake-dwellings, have just been discovered by Herr Zapf. The massive piles are standing upright in the lake, some of them still showing incisions and spikes on their surface, indicating the spots where they were united, or where planks rested upon them. They stand in rows parallel to the southern shore of the lake. Other rows run in a northerly direction; but in the latter the piles are smaller and stand close side by side, forming a sort of palisade. None of the piles now reach the surface of the water. The total length of these pile-dwellings is about two hundred meters.

**THE STATUE OF A GREAT NATURALIST FOR ST. LOUIS.**—At the royal foundry of Munich a colossal monument cast in bronze was exhibited from September 8th to 11th. It is intended for the city of St. Louis, and represents Alexander Von Humboldt. The design is by Herr von Müller, Jun. The figure is nearly twelve feet high, and represents Humboldt in the freshness of manhood, leaning against the stump of a tree, upon which his mantle rests, while in his right hand he holds a map. The statue will be placed on a stone pedestal, which is in course of construction at St. Louis, and which will be adorned by three relief medallions by the same artist, the one on the front showing the face of the founder of the monument, Mr. Henry Shaw, a wealthy citizen of St. Louis.

**ALBINISM IN BIRDS.**—The Museum of Madras contains a stuffed specimen of a white crow. It is reported that a colony of such crows has been observed on the Malabar Coast. The Newcastle museum contains albino specimens of the rook, pheasant, curlew, sparrow, and starling, also a bullfinch of a pale rose-color.

**ABORIGINAL RELICS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.**—Rev. Stephen Bowers, Ph. D., has been continuing his explorations in Southern California during the past Summer, with headquarters at Santa Barbara. His researches fully sustain Mr. Stephen Powers's estimate of the vast number of aborigines once inhabiting the Pacific Coast. Between Point Rincon and Point Conception, a distance of seventy miles along the coast, Mr. Bowers has explored nearly seventy pueblos, or sites of old Indian towns, and about thirty on the Santa Inez River. In one burial place on this river he obtained two hundred and forty fine specimens, consisting of mortars and pestles of sandstone; bowls, pipes, and "charms," of serpentine; ollas and tortilla stones, of crystallized talc; spear points and arrow-heads manufactured from chert, etc. Besides these specimens he obtained nearly half a bushel of beads and ornaments from stone, bone, and shells. Near Gaudaloupe, Mr. Bowers obtained from a single pueblo over one thousand eight hundred specimens in stone. These consisted of bowls and pestles from granite, sandstone, and serpentine; mano stones used in grinding; balls, knives, drills, tools, spear-points, arrow-heads, scrapers, etc., from chert; sinkers finely wrought from serpentine and talc, etc. Dr. Bowers and his wife discovered these antiquities on the main-land nearly four years ago, since which they have shipped several tones of fine specimens to enrich the National Museum. Mrs. Bowers accompanies her husband in all his researches, and is herself an indefatigable collector.

**THE GREAT SALT-BED OF GERMANY.**—Recent borings made in different parts of North Germany have proved beyond denial that the assertion made by several eminent geologists, that a vast deposit of salt stretches from the Lunenburger Heide to the coast of the Baltic is perfectly correct. The deposit begins near Luneburg, passes underneath the Elbe, and extends directly across the Grand Duchy of



Mecklenburg. Another branch goes in the direction of the Duchy of Holstein, by way of Legeberg to Elmshorn and Heide. Borings made at Lüththen near Hagenow, by order of the Mecklenburg Government, have now reached a depth of four hundred and fifty-six meters, and the thickness of the deposit of salt now reaches one hundred and thirty meters, without yet reaching the bottom.

**CAN INSECTS HEAR?**—This question has recently been under discussion among naturalists, and a traveler in New Grenada reports an observation bearing on the subject. In traveling on the river Magdalena, he employed native boatmen who were extremely and almost incessantly noisy. Occasionally, however, the noise would cease suddenly for a few moments. On inquiring the cause, his boatmen would point to a wasp-nest high up in the trees which they were passing. They feared that their noise would attract the hostile attention of the wasps, and as the boatmen were scantily clothed, they naturally dreaded to provoke an attack.

**THE PENDULUM CLOCK.**—It is generally recognized that the invention of the pendulum clock dates from about the middle of the seventeenth century, but the credit of the invention has been attributed to different persons. The subject has been gone into very fully by M. Gerland, whose researches are published in

*An der Physik und Chemie*, No. 8, 1878, and he is led to the conclusion that neither Bürgi nor Treffler has the least claim to the invention. The merit belongs to Galileo and Huyghens, who made the invention independently, but as it was made by Galileo fifteen years earlier, the pendulum clock may be regarded as a work of Galileo's.

**AN OLD EGYPTIAN DOCUMENT.**—The Paris Academy of Arts has recently acquired an Egyptian papyrus which is particularly remarkable on account of its reputed age, estimated at four thousand years. It is perfectly preserved; its height is 8.30 meters, and its width forty-three centimeters. It contains a description of the death and burial celebration of the mother of King Herod, from the first dynasty of Egyptian kings. The price paid by the Academy was four thousand francs (eight hundred dollars); the papyrus was in the Exposition.

**COLOR-BLINDNESS.**—Color-blindness, says M. Favre, consulting physician of one of the great railways of France, is a frequent result of the use of alcohol and tobacco. He would interdict to every railway man, holding a responsible position the use of tobacco or alcohol in any form, because they tend to impair not only the power of discriminating colors, but also that of estimating distances, and of perceiving objects.

## RELIGIOUS.

**MILLENARIANISM.**—One of the secular papers recently published the following in its *religious* column: It having been said that the coming of Christ upon earth before the millennium was a doctrine taken for granted fifty years ago by many denominations, from whose creed it now seems to have disappeared, the *Christian Intelligencer* says that tenet "has never been in the creed of any of the historical Churches, and has never been held by any greater number of their members than it is now. All believers hold to a future literal, personal, glorious advent of the Lord Jesus. The question at issue is whether this advent is closely connected with the general resurrection and judgment, or whether it is to intro-

duce a personal reign of our Lord on this earth which is to continue for a thousand years, after which the end is to come. The former is the doctrine of the creeds and of the Churches; the latter is the view of individuals and coteries, some of whom are pious and learned, and some otherwise."

But what is meant by this statement of what "all believers hold?" What about the "literal" advent of Christ? Does it mean physical, sensible, material, or simply *real*? If the former, then is it true that "all," or, indeed, *most* of believers so hold? A few consistent holders of that belief lately met in convention in New York, and the great body of Christians showed their lack of sympathy

with the doctrine by taking no part with them; while the nearly unanimous voice of the religious press has been against them and their views. It would seem to be about time that the real opinions of the living Church respecting this and kindred subjects should be understood. A revision and restatement of the positions of Protestant Christendom on this and kindred points of eschatology is among the first wants of the times—a subject which our theological writers usually handle only with velvet gloves.

**CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.**—At the late Union Missionary Conference in London, Rev. Dr. Legge, Chinese Professor at Oxford, read a carefully prepared paper, gathering up the general results of Protestant missions in China. It was not, he said, until 1843 that the Protestant missionaries could be said to have commenced their labors in China. The latest statistics, however, showed that to-day 238 Protestant missionaries are laboring in that empire, together with 63 single ladies and the wives of 172 of the missionaries. No fewer than 91 central stations have been opened with 511 out-stations; while 312 Chinese Churches have been organized with 13,035 communicants, 73 ordained pastors, 511 assistant preachers, 76 colporteurs, and 90 Bible women. There are no less than 30 boarding-schools for boys, 38 for girls, and 177 day-schools for boys, and 82 for girls, the pupils being counted by the thousand. At last, but not least, there are 20 theological schools for the training of native pastors, 151 Sunday-schools, 16 missionary hospitals, and 4 dispensaries. Dr. Legge computed that in China to-day, as a result of Protestant missions during the past 35 years, there is a Christian community of 50,000 souls.

**ROMANISM.**—A Catholic Church, in whatever country it be, is the same in all those surroundings that especially mark its individuality. A writer in *The Examiner* (London) describes a visit to a convent in one of the provinces of North-western India. The approach to it was through a mango grove, noisy with the screeches of green parrots. But when he had entered the convent walls "India faded away altogether." Had he been at the *Sacré Cœur* in Paris or at Bruges or "anywhere else where the Church had built a house

for her vestals," it had seemed the same. There in the midst of India he found "the same fragrance of stale incense and fresh lavender permeating the same whitewashed parlor, with the self-same picture of Pius IX, and of Mary, with a knife in her heart, on the walls." There, too, were "the same low-voiced, quiet sisters, with the same expression on their faces, and the same cold, polite patronage and pity for visitors from the wicked world." This brief statement of a fact and its broader generalizations are highly suggestive, as showing that whereas Christianity is in itself designed for and equally adapted to all men, without distinction of race or specific forms of civilization, the *Roman Catholic Church* is essentially a race religion; and, accordingly, it has never really succeeded except among the Latin nations. The single apparent exception to this rule is only apparent, not real, for its success in Ireland has depended much more upon political and partisan courses than upon any adaptation of that system to the Irish character. And just here there is given a pregnant suggestion to all who are engaged in promoting Christian missions among foreign nations, that they should not attempt to identify the Gospel which they preach to the heathen with the civilizations in which the missionaries have been reared. Each nation must have its national Christianity as to its externals, and missionaries will do well while teaching the Gospel to allow those whom they teach to retain their own non-religious national customs and usages. It may also be added that in order to render permanent the Christianity of any people it must cease to be recognized as a *foreign* religion.

**THE DUNKARDS OR TUNKERS.**—These are a sect or Church of German Baptists, found chiefly in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in some portions of Virginia; also in Ohio and the North-west. They number between sixty and a hundred thousand members, with a pretty thoroughly organized connectional system. They are orthodox in their faith, and exceedingly exact in their moral and religious discipline. They do not go to law with each other; for after Matthew xviii, the case comes before the Church, and a decision is given by the members in council, that is based on ecclesiastical law which no court will set

aside. Being non-combatants, they are not found either in fights or wrangles, and they do not go to war. They do not believe in divorce except for very grave reasons, and even then there may be no second marriages. There are no members of secret orders in the brotherhood, and those who were members on their admission to the Church abjure all connection with worldly organization, as, without prejudice, the Church affords all the advantages of the most benevolent or other secret orders. There are no poor in the Church; that is, there are no paupers, and no one is allowed to suffer. Congregations have supported their poor members, the lunatic, the infirm, and the sick for years at a large expense, without trouble, as it is a part of the practice and order of the Church. The members are taken in by the voice of the Church; that is, the applicant for membership withdraws and the Church votes on his eligibility, which usually carries. He is then immersed, face forward, three times, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Preliminary to his baptism he is examined, and gives his consent to the following: To give and take counsel; to abide by the rulings of the Church; not to swear (in the courts); not to bear arms; not to go to law, and to settle his personal difficulties according to Matthew xviii; and to behave himself generally. There are two colleges in the brotherhood, one in Huntington, Pennsylvania, and one in embryo at Ashland, Ohio.

**REFORMING THE DANCE.**—The Cincinnati *Gazette*, though a secular and political paper, is usually on the side of good morals. It has been giving some attention to the subject of the dance, and reaches the conclusion that, as now practiced, dancing is neither decent nor proper to be engaged in; and, therefore, it demands that the dance shall be reformed. To this demand the *Religious Telescope* of Dayton responds after this forcible, and, it may be added, sensible, fashion: "Should the dance be reformed and delivered from the abominations and licentiousness which attach to it, it would cease to exist. It is the uncleanness of the thing that keeps it alive. Respectable society which would not abandon itself to that which is pronounced as corrupt, relish the abomination for its lustfulness so long as it

can be held above public reproach. That is the true inwardness of the dance. To reform it would be to destroy it forever by making it no longer a desirable thing. May it be reformed speedily! At present it is sinking lower and lower. It smells of abomination."

**SCOTLAND.**—Romanism is seeking to gain its pre-reformatory hold on Scotland. Within the last year the hierarchy has been re-established there in full force, and the power of the Propaganda transferred to the newly appointed primate. Not content with this aggressive step, the Church of Rome is founding monasteries and other adjuncts of religious labor. A large monastery and school is building in the very heart of the Scotch Highlands which will be occupied by Benedictines. The buildings alone are to cost one-quarter of a million dollars. The land was a donation, and the money thus far expended has been donated principally by Scotch noblemen. Who says that the insinuating ways of the Romish clergy are known only in our Republic?

**RELIGION IN SWEDEN.**—The Swedes are a staid people, naturally frank and generous and devout. The Lutheranism which has held the masses for nearly three centuries has lost much of its ancient savor, and both our own and the Baptist Church has found them hungry for Gospel food. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to read of the progress which vital Christianity is making among these Scandinavians. The mismanagement of some of our missions a few years ago injured our work greatly, and we have only just fairly recovered our old ground. But the Baptists have uniformly advanced, and now report a membership of 13,773, of whom 2,479 were added last year. Twelve new churches have been built within a year, and nearly 18,000 children attend the Sabbath-school.

**STATISTICS OF METHODIST POPULATION.**—So we have reached the membership total of four millions and a half the world over, and the estimate of Methodist population makes up one-half of the population of the whole United States. And what is stranger still is that the Methodist Episcopal Church is able to report a gain for the year of about 17,000, when we have heard it croaked for months that we are losing ground. Facts are stubborn; figures don't lie.

## CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

## ADMINISTERING AN OATH TO CHINAMEN.—

How oaths may be administered under a Government like ours without a State religion, and among whose resident populations are found persons of almost every form of faith, and some of no faith at all, is a question not very easy to answer. This question was lately presented in a practical form in a local court in California, probably not for the first time, of which a circumstantial account was given in the *Los Angeles Herald*, of October 30, 1878, which may be thus reproduced in an abridged form, as follows:

"In the County Court the trial of the People against Ah Chee and Ah Quong, indicted for robbing a China woman of jewelry and other valuables, was begun to-day. The parties to the suit being all Mongolians, it was concluded to swear the witnesses by the most binding Chinese form. As the ceremony consisted of sacrifice both of fire and blood, it was found necessary to adjourn to the sidewalk in front of the courthouse. A chicken and the necessary joss sticks or wooden tapers were procured, and the latter stuck in the ground and lighted. Two wax tapers were then lighted, and, after being brought in contact with the neck of the chicken, were stuck in the ground. Now began the serious business. A formidable piece of yellow paper, covered with Chinese characters, was brought out, and after the interpreter and some of the Chinamen present had declined to read it, as something too fearfully sacred, a Chinaman was found brave enough to undertake the office. He read the dread formula first to the woman, who repeated it as he read. At its conclusion a large bundle of paper previously prepared was lighted, over which the woman stepped a couple of times, and then took possession of the chicken and the sacrificial knife, a cleaver-shaped implement, which had lain by the side of the fire during the reading of the oath. The male witnesses were then arranged in front of the fire, the oath was again read, each repeating it after the reader, who, after he had finished reading it, threw it on the fire. The Chinamen, then, one by one, stepped over the fire, the head of the chicken was chopped off by the woman, and the sacrifice was accomplished."

CLASSIC QUOTATION BY ST. PAUL.—That was a master stroke of both politeness and policy, when St. Paul speaking in the Areopagus to the *élite* of Athens (*Acts xvii*, 28),

commended his doctrine to their favor by a quotation from "one of your own poets," who had said, "For we are also his offspring"—God's? Jupiter's? That Athenian poet was *Aratus*, who lived nearly three hundred years before Christ. The verse quoted by St. Paul is found in an astronomical poem, entitled "*Phenomena*," in which the aspects of the heavenly bodies are noted, and their being and order ascribed to the power and wisdom of the father of the gods. *Aratus* was held in high repute for a long time both among the Greeks and the Romans. Ovid speaks of him with very high praise, saying that he was worthy to take rank with the heavenly luminaries, of which he had written so eloquently. In the use made of his words there is an intimation that the apostle recognized the theism of the best minds among the Greeks as identical with that of the Hebrews, and also that he confessed a real inspiration, though not well understood by themselves, in their rapt utterances. There is no room to doubt that Grecian culture was among the great agencies, and next in eminence to the revelations given to the Hebrew prophets, in making the period of Christ's advent "the fulness of the time."

LOSSES BY FIRE.—The losses by fires in the United States are estimated at \$100,000,000, and an equal amount may be set down for the expenses of the fire departments of all the cities and towns of the nation, and also for the whole running expenses of Fire Insurance Departments in all the States, for none of these add a dollar to the general income. The general increase of wealth in the country is reckoned at \$700,000,000 annually in ordinary times, though in dull times like these, it is not probably over half the sum. Hence, the fire tax, as it may be named, amounts to from nearly 30 to 60 per cent of our entire increment, which must be somewhat above the sum of the tax levied upon European nations for the support of their immense standing armies. Fires in Europe proper are very few, and the damage trifling compared with ours, in consequence of the substantiality of the buildings and the greater care and caution exercised there. Two hundred millions are enough to



pay the interest on the national debt, and to carry on the general Government, exclusive of the requirements of the pension list. It is believed that, with proper care, this amount could be reduced to not over \$10,000,000, for actual losses, with a corresponding reduction in the cost of prevention and of insurance. Fortunately these losses are steadily diminishing. As we grow older, we build better and stronger, and are more prudent. Our prodigality and waste are passing with our extreme youth, and there is little doubt that we shall be frugal and provident—when compelled to be.

**APT REPLIES**—A long list might be made of men who have won advancement in life by smart answers given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, Captain." "In what regiment, Sir?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant, that had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them that there was a wagon load of whisky just behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the Marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel can not make me a lieutenant, but your Excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now, then," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."

**HOW CAMPANINI BECAME A SINGER.**—Not unfrequently our greatest singers are taken from the very humblest walks of life. Wachtel,

the great German tenor, who has enchanted the world by his voice, was a cab-driver in the city of Vienna, until the wonderful compass of his voice attracted the attention of a musician, who paved the way for his training and ultimate success as a singer. Lucca, the noted prima donna of the Prussian Court, was a little Bohemian Jewess, whose parents were unable to give her even the first rudiments of an education, and owes her elevation to the marvelous vocal powers which a traveling musician discovered in her. Campanini, however, was not taken from his humble position to become at once a singer, but first distinguished himself in much harder-fought fields than the profession of a public singer affords. He was one of the first of the volunteers who flocked to Garibaldi's flag of revolt at Marsala, and served so well that though a mere youth, he obtained the rank of sergeant, and as such was conspicuous for bravery at the taking of Capua. There was a good deal of sharp fighting that day, and as he was always in the thickest of it, he brought away two trophies in the shape of saber-cuts, the scars of which are still visible, one on the neck, the other on the right cheek. In spite of his wounds he fought on, and would probably not have left the campaign, had not a severe fever, which nearly cost him his life, obliged him to withdraw. Up to this time he had not the remotest intention of becoming a singer, and it was owing to a mere accident that his remarkable gifts came to be cultivated. At a social gathering, one evening, at which he was a guest, there happened to be present a gentleman who was an authority on singing. He was struck with the purity and promise of young Campanini's voice, and told him so, recommending him to study singing. This fired the young man, who entered the Conservatory of Parma, and began that career with which the musical world is so familiar.

**WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE WHO SHALL DECIDE?**—In Brooklyn, New York, there is a young woman who has finally succeeded in making herself a national fame by the simple act of abstaining from food. Her family physician relates, and so does she, most wonderful phenomena of her being. But there are physicians in Brooklyn and in New York, if not in every city of our great country, who doubt

these strange stories, and are inclined to put her case to a safer test than she has hitherto had. Possibly, when our reader's eye meets this page, the wholesale condemnation of "humbug" shall have been written over it in large letters. Under date of October 12th, the celebrated Dr. Will. A. Hammond, of New York, made public declaration of his disbelief in the capability of any human being's abstinence from food for any number of days, saying: "I know something about 'fasting girls' and their frauds, not excepting the sad case of poor little Sarah Jacobs. But I will make this additional proposition: If Miss Fancher will allow herself to be watched, day and night, for one month by relays of members of the New York Neurological Society, I will give her one thousand dollars, if, at the end of that

month, she has not in the mean time taken food voluntarily, or as a forced measure to save her from dying of starvation, the danger of this last contingency to be judged of by her family physician, Dr. Spear. These offers to remain open for acceptance till twelve o'clock M., December 31st. If not taken up by that time, let us hear no more in support of Miss Fancher's mind reading or clairvoyance, or living for a dozen or more years without food."

THE EARTH'S POPULATION.—According to Behm and Wagner's "Befölkering der Erde" (fifth publication just issued), it is 1,439,145,300, distributed thus over the great land divisions: Europe, 312,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,219,500; Australasia and Polynesia, 4,411,300; and America, 80,116,000.

## LITERATURE.

THE great Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, undertaken by Dr. John Peter Langè, more than twenty years ago, the reproduction of which in English was taken in hand by Dr. Philip Schaff, is nearing completion, only one of its twenty-four volumes—the third, embracing Numbers and Deuteronomy—remaining in arrears, and that is announced as nearly ready. Just now, after some delay, we are in receipt from the publishers, the Messrs. Scribner, of the last volume issued, "The Prophet Isaiah,"\* by Pastor Nagelsbach, of Bayreuth, Germany, and translated into English and thoroughly edited by Drs. S. T. Lowrie, of Philadelphia, and Dunlap Moore, of New Brighton, Pennsylvania.

Nothing need be said in commendation of books so widely known and generally approved as are the formerly issued volumes of this work. This last volume may be sufficiently characterized by saying that it is altogether worthy of the companionship into which it is thus introduced. Unlike some others of the

series, this is almost wholly the work of its first (German) author; for though the American translators and editors have done their work most thoroughly, and have made some valuable additions to the volume, yet because of the fullness of the original and the satisfactory character of the expositions given, there has seemed to be but little occasion for changes or additions. The work, therefore, is chiefly the original German turned into clear and pure English.

This great work, itself a Biblical cyclopædia of twenty-four imperial octavo volumes, aggregating nearly twenty thousand pages, though properly called after the name of its (German) editor and principal author, is in the American edition quite another than that from which it is named. The original itself is the work of about twenty distinguished scholars and divines—Germans, Hollanders, and Swiss—though besides superintending and editing the whole work, Dr. Langè himself produced six of the ten New Testament volumes. In like manner the American version has been brought out under the general oversight of Dr. Schaff, but with the co-operation of nearly fifty American scholars besides a number of Europeans. The work as given to the public is justly said by the publishers to

\* A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, by John Peter Langè. THE PROPHET ISAIAH, Theologically and Homiletically Expounded. By Carl Wilhelm Edward Nagelsbach. . . . Translated from the German, with Additions by Rev. Samuel T. Lowrie, D. D., and Rev. Dunlap Moore, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo. Pp. 741. \$5.00.

be "not a mere translation, but to a large extent an original work, about one-third of the matter being added, and the whole adapted to the wants of the English and American student." It is further fittingly described as "a complete treasury of Biblical knowledge brought down to the latest date, giving the results of careful, scholarly research, yet in a form sufficiently popular for the use of intelligent laymen." Its aim is declared to be to set forth "the exegetical and doctrinal consensus of evangelical divines of the present age, and yet not ignoring any of the just claims of scientific criticism." The breadth of its catholicity is somewhat indicated by the fact that among its translators—most of whom became also editors and emendators—are found Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, and Reformed, all of whom have operated freely in their several parts without disturbing the essential unity of the whole.

This volume on Isaiah, as the case required, is among the most thoroughly prepared of the series. It is said to have cost its author nine years of labor—such as German students can bestow. The work of the translators evidently has also been performed without stint of labor or painstaking. It was begun by Drs. Jacobus and Lowrie, then joint professors in the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany, Pennsylvania, and after the lamented death of the former, his place was supplied by Dr. Moore, whose entire mastery of the German language especially fitted him for the work. The text is arranged in metrical form, based on that of Bishop Lowth, and following also the annotations of the London Religious Tract Society.

The much mooted question of one or two Isaiahs the author decides in favor of the older opinion, and against the very confident assumptions of many modern critics, that all after the thirty-ninth chapter was by another and much later prophet. Who this Prophet Isaiah was, beyond his name, and the pretty well determined fact that he lived and wrote about the times designated in the book, no satisfactory evidence is given; the story of his royal birth, and of his death by being "sawn asunder," resting on no satisfactory proofs. In interpreting the prophecy the twofold sense of many of the predictions is assumed—a primary and inferior one, relating to existing

affairs, and especially to the return of Israel from Babylon, and a secondary but superior one, in which the coming of Christ and the glory of his kingdom are foretold. By this process it becomes possible without doing violence to the natural sense of the words of the text to find in it those evangelical elements for which this prophecy is deservedly and highly valued. Lange's great Bible work is perhaps the greatest single production of the age in its own department; and the whole English-speaking world is debtor to the worthy American editor and his learned associates for this admirable English version.

PERHAPS Dr. Charles Hodge, late of Princeton, was, in respect to either genius or culture, only the peer of many others of his own time and country, but by reason of his environments, all of whose rare advantages he diligently made available, he became a great power while he lived, and has also projected his influence far into the future. His whole life's energies were given with a remarkably single devotion to his specific calling—that of a Presbyterian minister charged with the care of educating young men for the same calling. Beyond his strictly professional duties, he was also called to look after the more general interests of his denomination in its chief councils, and, accordingly, during the forty years that he stood among the tallest of his peers, in the Presbyterian Church, he contributed not a little to the specific form and fashion of its administrative order. He also, from quite an early period, was accustomed to elaborate his thoughts in writing, and to give them to the public, sometimes in book-form, but more frequently through the periodicals of his Church. This course continued through more than forty years, accumulated a great mass of thoroughly digested though fragmentary matter, relating chiefly to matters affecting the doctrines, discipline, and administrative history of his Church—the "Old School."

And as Dr. Hodge was peculiarly favored with a long and uninterrupted career, with specially favorable circumstances for bringing out his best powers, and carefully conserving his forces, so also he is now peculiarly favored in the matter of his literary executors, that in respect to which very few authors are favored. His own public life is well-nigh renewed in

the fact that he had provided a successor for himself—his own son—now in the vigor and ripeness of mid-life, while others had grown up around him to carry forward the work in which he had been so long and so successfully occupied. His work as a theologian seemed to be completed some time before his decease; but other parts of his writings and his life-work required the friendly offices of other hands to prepare them for the perpetuity to which their real value entitle them.

In matters of Presbyterian Church polity Dr. Hodge was a recognized master, with clear views of the genius of that system, and with cyclopædic knowledge of its history, discussions, and determinations. And as whatever pertained to his Church were to him matters of affectionate interest, his discussions of them published from time to time form a kind of constitutional history of that body, extending over nearly half a century. These fragments, taken chiefly from the *Princeton Review*, have now been collected into a volume,\* carefully collated by competent and appreciative hands, in which especially American Presbyterians, but also generally all students of ecclesiastical polity may find valuable instructions. Beyond almost any other the Presbyterian Church is favored—if, indeed, it is a favor—with a definite and comprehensive Confession of Faith, and a thoroughly digested Directory of Worship; but since the practical construction of law is a much greater power than its written forms can be, such practical commentaries, illustrated by real facts, are the best possible expositions of the points they involve. To Presbyterians such a book must be beyond price; and to all classes of Protestants, whose polity rests upon the doctrine of ministerial parity, it will be found valuable. Such a work for Methodism is a *desideratum*.

THE trite saying, "the truth is stranger than fiction," has a forcible and a multiform confirmation in both the matter and the history of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which now, after its wonderful career, during nearly thirty years, appears in a new edition, revised and illus-

trated.\* The account given of its genesis shows it to have been an inspiration of which the writer was little more than the receptive subject, and the almost unconscious agent, while to the great world it was a real revelation; for though it disclosed no secret, yet the things before only coldly and imperfectly apprehended were made to pass as spectral realities before men's imaginations, and to burn themselves as living verities into their hearts and consciences. The bibliography of the work is also marvelous. At its first coming it burst upon the world like a midnight sun, at once seen and recognized by all. Ten thousand copies, it is said, were called for as soon as published, and the subsequent sales reached into the hundreds of thousands. Forty different editions were issued in Great Britain, and it was translated into twenty foreign languages—in some of them many times over. It was in a variety of cases abridged, travestied, dramatized, and versified. It became a choice subject of discussions, and of literary and social criticism in nearly all the periodicals of Great Britain and of Continental Europe, and also, to a limited extent, in those of this country, though it was then the fashion in this country wholly to abstain from every thing relating to the slavery question, or, to touch it only the most tenderly.

Though in its form and fashion it is a fiction, yet in its substance it is eminently truthful and realistic. No other book will bring so large and so trustworthy a contribution to the future historian of American affairs during the current century as will "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Every character delineated is a representative one, drawn to the life without distortion or excess, and because these figures were so thoroughly life-like, they were at once recognized by all, and their justice and truthfulness were universally confessed. True, slavery had existed in all its infernal deformity in the plain sight of the American people, but because they would not, the wise and good, the statesmen and divines of America, could not see and realize its unutterable badness. But

\*DISCUSSIONS IN CHURCH POLITY. From Contributions to the *Princeton Review*. By Charles Hodge, D. D. Selected and arranged by the Rev. William Durant, with a Preface by Archibald Alexander Hodge, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo. Pp. 532. \$3.50.

\*UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or, Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the work by George Bullen, Esq., F. S. A., of the British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the work. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1 Vol., 12mo. Pp. 529. \$3.50.



when these familiar facts were woven into a story, and the whole scene that was perpetually being enacted in innumerable actual cases all through the slave-holding States, and in the slave-hunting grounds of the North, were made to pass in dramatic order before people's imaginations, with the ever-present consciousness of their truthfulness, the most astounding results followed. Volcanic fire had indeed been long alternately slumbering and heaving beneath the surface of society, but these pictures called into action the forces which wrought the most stupendous revolutions, by which the government of the nation was shaken to its foundation, the country drenched with the blood of its own people, and wide changes, at once political, social, and industrial, effected.

And because this work is still incomplete, and the virus of slavery survives its legal life, the mission of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not yet ended; and, therefore, this new edition, adapted to the wants of the present period, is eminently timely. This new edition is, as to its matter, substantially identical with the work as at first published, but with the addition of a brief account of its origin and its early reception, till it became of world-wide renown—with a liberal display of wood-cut illustrations, good enough in their way, but of not much real value, because they are very much inferior to the word-pictures which they accompany. It is well, therefore, that a work that is now both historical and yet vitally connected with the present and the immediate future, should be reread by those who remember its advent, and also by the generation that has since then come upon the stage; and for giving the opportunity so to read it the author and the publishers are entitled to the thanks of the public.

OF all the arts in which young women graduate, and of which older ones "proceed masters," no other can compare, in real value, with the art of housekeeping. In her own house every woman should be a sovereign by divine right of place and power, and that right so possessed will not often be called in question. It is a good sign, therefore, that books on housekeeping are called for; for so we presume they are, else they would not continue to be published. Among a number of recent books of this class, some of them from the pens of well-

known writers, we decidedly like some things we notice, in one entitled "All Around the House,"\* which undertakes to tell all about the mysteries of housekeeping, with the ultimate design of making happy homes. A good many other valuable hints, beyond simply ordinary domestic affairs, and reaching out into the domains of the minor morals, are also given, to which others than housekeepers might do well to give heed. We like the book and heartily recommend it.

STILL another of the neat single play volumes of Shakespeare, this time "Much Ado About Nothing," edited with notes by William J. Rolfe (Harper & Brothers, 16mo, pp. 178), is in hand. It is enough to say in its favor that it is like unto those that have gone before it. For the real, honest study of the great dramatist, and "master of the human mind," we know nothing else quite equal to these.

WE have heretofore noticed in these columns three several volumes of Joseph Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures." A fourth† is now in hand and two more are promised. Its general subject is "Conscience," with a special title, indicating its subject, for each of the ten lectures. And to each is prefixed the "Prelude," as delivered along with the lecture. These are substantially the same that were delivered and afterward widely circulated through the press, six or eight months ago. Many who have tasted of these in imperfect and fragmentary reports will be glad to have them complete in so convenient a form, and at but a trifling cost.

THE National Temperance Society have added to their already long list of publications, many of them of great value, a paper-covered "Juvenile Temperance Manual" (12mo. Pp. 157) by Miss Julia Coleman, containing a good many things that it is profitable to be informed of, and giving much good instruction, always well designed, if sometimes questionable as to its methods.

Among the illustrated books, issued for the late holiday trade, of which the supply was

\* ALL AROUND THE HOUSE; or, How to Make Home Happy. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Pp. 461.

† BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. Conscience, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 279.

not especially abundant, Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have gotten out in fine style Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "School-Boy." The poem, it will be remembered, was read by its author at the Centennial of Phillips Academy, last Summer, and was well received, as an occasional exercise. It now appears in the form of an octavo of seventy-nine pages; but to give it that extent it is printed on one side of heavy and fine paper, in large, open letters, lines triple leaded, and nearly half the space filled with a profusion of beautifully illustrative wood-cuts. Altogether it is a decidedly elegant affair.

THE series of small volumes bearing the general title "Epochs of Modern History," edited jointly by Edward E. Morris, J. Sutees Philpotts, and C. Colbeck, and published in this country by the Scribners, constitute a highly valuable library of historical reading, being thoroughly learned, and yet popular in their style and methods of treatment, and so especially adapted to miscellaneous and private reading. The last issue of this series is

"The Normans in Europe," by Rev. A. H. Johnson, whose work here rendered proves his fitness for the task taken in hand. Because of the almost infinite succession of details needing to be noticed, this number extends beyond the average size of the series (pp. 275. 18mo). The period of European history covered by its narratives is of especial interest, for it was the seed-time of the nations, of which the present European nationalities are the products. The making of the book, on the parts of both author and publishers, is all that could be required.

*The Widow's Trust*, by Mrs. Martha Tyler Gale (Robert Carter & Brothers, 24mo, pp. 265), is intended for a book of consolations for the bereaved class named. Its lessons are drawn from the Scriptures, and are grouped in verse and prose around the stories of Naomi and Ruth and Anna, and others whose records are found in the sacred volume. Its composition is done with considerable ability, delicacy, and good taste, and seems to be well suited to its purpose.

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## EX CATHEDRA.

### METHODISM versus MILLENARIANISM.

THE "Prophetic Conference," held in New York last November, under the auspices of the younger Dr. Tyng, though it excited but little public interest while it was in progress, notwithstanding the very considerable array of talent and respectability in its composition, has at least served to direct public attention anew to the subjects there discussed. Since the complete and disastrous collapse of "Millerism," which for a season "walked in darkness and wasted at noonday," the whole complex subject involved in that delusion had gone out of sight, leaving behind it in many minds a not unreasonable dislike to the whole thing. Some who had been swept away from the sure foundation by its overflowings, still remained as wrecks cast up by the retiring flood and left to perish; while those who had only witnessed the ruin wrought remembered it as a horrible dream. Very naturally, therefore, all these were quite willing to leave the whole subject alone, as those who have suffered or

seen some great calamity are careful not to provoke its return.

Probably the blight of the Millerite mania fell upon the Methodist Church quite as largely and disastrously as upon any part of our evangelical Christendom. Millenarianism was not, indeed, among its formally accepted doctrines, nor did its ruling minds, to any considerable extent, accept its notions; but because of the susceptibility of its people to religious impulses, and their habit of contemplating spiritual things as veritable realities, they were, in not a few cases, allured to it by its appeals to the imagination, and its plausible perversions of the language of Scripture. Not a little of the Church's literature rather favored the doctrines of the Millenarians, including the thousand years of Christ's visible and political reign on earth. Our older commentaries, at best, left the subject an open one, and many of their utterances and the terms used by our preachers and theological writers, and in some of our hymns, seemed to

imply their acceptance of the fundamental tenets of Millenarianism. It is evident, too, that there was a real, though indefinite, expectancy among our people of some great event, indicated by the word Millennium, which was in store in the future; and the quickening of that belief gave to Millerism its vitality and distinctive force with some of them.

Attempted interpretations of prophecy in its details, and as to the outward forms of its fulfillment, have usually proved an unsatisfactory and often a perilous exercise. It so proved to the Jews in their use of the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, and there is a liability to like mistakes among Christians in respect to the New Testament prophecies. It is, therefore, a matter of the very first importance with the Christians of the present day to guard against these in their use of the figurative language in which the future glories of Christ's kingdom are set forth. The prophecy of Joel, respecting the gift of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost presented quite as highly dramatic imagery as any of those now applied to Christ's second coming, though the work itself as seen in the event was simply and eminently spiritual. The rule of interpretation forced upon that passage by its fulfillment, if applied to the corresponding passages in the New Testament, respecting the future of Christ's kingdom, would show that they relate to only spiritual phenomena.

A very grave mistake, and one that led to the most disastrous consequences, was made by some, at the time of the Millerite excitement, who attempted to get rid of their doubts and perplexities by asking of God to be specifically assured in respect to the correctness or incorrectness of the predicted speedy coming of Christ. It was probably not seen by such that they were disregarding the declaration that the Word itself should be an all-sufficient guide, nor did they apprehend that the supplicant, in that very act, proposed that he himself should become a prophet, to whom a supplementary revelation should be made. And while God could not grant such a petition, yet he could send strong delusions in punishment of such presumption; and so he permitted that the figments of a disordered imagination should be mistaken for the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

Since the times of Millerism a better inter-

pretation of the Scriptures relating to the future of the Church has been developed in Methodist literature. A number of well considered papers in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and several publications in book form, and more than all else, Whedon's "Commentary," have placed this subject in a clear light and effectually rescued the subject from the perversions that had befallen it. But a still more thorough and exhaustive treatment of the subject is needed, not only of this item, but also of the whole department of Christian eschatology. Nearly every thing belonging to that department of thought needs to be reconsidered and restated that the people may know what are the opinions of our leading thinkers upon these most interesting and important questions. To not a few it will be a matter of surprise to learn that the only Scriptural authority for the "thousand years"—millennium—reign of Christ is the highly dramatic record found in the opening verses of the twentieth chapter of Revelation. These words are, by the Millenarians, taken and applied literally—thus adopting for this case a method of interpretation that can not possibly be used as to most other prophetic utterances—but which was used with the most disastrous results by the Jews in respect to the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament.

It is known to all who have given any attention to the subject that there have been very great changes in the modes of interpreting the Holy Scripture during the current century, all tending away from the literal and materialistic, and towards a more spiritual sense. The evangelical Churches have been compelled to this course, not unwillingly in all cases, by the deductions of a careful and liberal criticism, no less than by the assaults of the enemies of the Christian faith. A new adjustment of doctrinal statements, on many points, has become a necessity that can not be either ignored or left to drift at random. The old methods led to a grossly sensuous conception of many important points in theology, and these in their traditional forms have become both untenable and occasions of weakness to the whole system of divine truth. And in that inevitable readjustment this whole Millenarian theory will be likely to undergo very large modifications; for no other view of Christ's kingdom can stand the test than that

of a purely spiritual "reign of righteousness." Practically the evangelical Churches have reached that point already. They are acting upon the presumption that now is the day of the Holy Ghost, and that by his present energy, exerted through the Church, the conquest of the world to Christ is going forward. The promised "Comforter" is to abide with the Church "forever," and Christ himself has given assurance of his presence "unto the end of the world." With these effective agencies it is felt that nothing more is needed than their diligent and effective use. On the other hand the Millenarian idea denies the sufficiency of these provisions, and proclaims the failure of the Gospel in all the past, and its insufficiency for the work of saving the world. Very little account is, therefore, made of the zeal and labors and sacrifices of the Church for the spread of the Gospel, since not much can be hoped for "till the Lord come," and a new order of things shall be inaugurated. To show the contrast of the two systems in its clearest light, it is only necessary to observe that while the Millenarian theory depreciates the system of agencies ordained by our Lord, and put into effective action under the "great commission," with the promise of the perpetual presence and mighty co-operation of both himself and the Holy Spirit, as of very little value, and never intended to succeed, the evangelical theory considers them amply sufficient for the proposed ends, and determined by the Almighty without the possibility of failure to "prosper whereunto it is sent." Between these it will not be difficult for any intelligent and earnest believer to make his choice.

#### MISSIONARY FUND.

THE Benevolent institutions of the country, both charitable and religious, have nearly all felt the pressure of the "hard times," in the form of diminished contributions. That this should be so is most natural, and no cause for either alarm or censure. Losses, by hundreds of millions, financial embarrassments, cessation of incomes, or at the very best a reduction of them by nearly one-half, are certainly enough to account for any falling off of contributions to benevolent objects, that may have occurred. It is, in fact, much more a matter for congratulation and an agreeable surprise than of discouragements and complain-

ings, that these receipts have been as large as they have continued to be during all these dismal years of financial ruin and distress in thousands of families, even for the necessities of the passing day.

Our attention was lately called to this matter in respect to the receipts into the Treasury of the Methodist Missionary Society, which for the last year were nearly a hundred thousand dollars less than at their highest point, some ten or twelve years ago; that is, instead of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, ten years ago, the receipts for 1878 have been only about five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or a falling off of just about one sixth—sixteen and two-thirds per cent. And it should not be forgotten that the money received during the last year was very nearly equal to gold, while that of ten years ago was at a large discount. Measured by the gold standard, which is the only correct one, it appears that instead of a decline in the value of receipts, there has been a steady and very considerable advance made all along through these times of disaster, and that the purchasing power of the receipts of the last year was fully equal to that of any former year.

This showing is at once assuring and highly honorable to the givers. It demonstrates the depth and stability of the devotion of the people to this cause; for while nearly every public interest has been calling for special aid to carry it through present emergencies, and very large demands have been made upon all who were able to give for the relief of private needs, and while the givers have found their own resources diminished on every hand, still their abiding confidence in, and devotion to, the cause of missions has sufficed to save that great interest from loss. We consider this as among the finest and best illustrations of the abiding affection of our people for the missionary work, and a pledge that with the return of "better times" there will be a corresponding advance in the contributions to that interest. The best possible security for the future of any great Church interest is its command of the public confidence by the judiciousness of its administration, and its hearty and effective response to the Church's earnest prayer for the coming of Christ's kingdom. This our missionary work has, and therefore it lives and thrives.